

# ARCTURUS.

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No. XVII.

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## The Career

OF

PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTLEY BOOK."

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### CHAPTER XIX.

THE PALE TRAVELER ENTERS THE CITY.

SHE had not walked far, when a sudden turn brought her where the road plunged down with a swift declivity at her feet. She stopped and trembled. Underneath her troubled eye lay the mighty metropolis, with its thousand chimnies, its blackened roofs, its solemn church-turrets and glittering vanes—spreading out wherever she gazed, and filling her mind with an indescribable awe.

How dark, how cold and chill, seemed that multitude of houses to her! They suggested to her no thoughts of

neighborhood and fellowship by their closeness, but rather one of dumb creatures huddled together by sheer necessity, to shut off the shivering airs that beset them from the rivers on either side. When she looked for broad and cheerful ways, and found only narrow streets that yawned like chasms and abysses along the house-fronts; when her eyes sought waving trees to gladden the air, in vain; her heart shrunk within her: it seemed to her a wilderness of dungeons, and nothing more. A dark dismal mist, formed of dust, smoke, the reek of squalid streets, the breath of thousands and hundred thousands of human beings—crept, like a black surge, along the house-tops.

The hoarse murmur deepened as night drew on; the moaning of one vexed with pain and confinement, of prisoners pining to be free. If the whole broad shadow of the city, cold and vast, had fallen on her spirit, it could not have chilled her more: but when the thought came to her again of the sacred errand on which she was bound, her heart was renewed, her eye brightened, and clasping her burden anew, she hurried on. And now the great city which she had wondered at, in its entirety and vastness, met her, part by part, and bewildered her with its countless details. There were country waggons hurrying out: sulkies, stanhopes, barouches flying past as if desolation followed fast behind; then great carts and trucks, loaded to the peak with heavy merchandize. All these she regarded with a wandering eye; but when she caught sight of dark foundation-stones, still clinging to the earth, where an old penitentiary had been lately razed to the ground—she felt the uses it had served.

Whenever she passed houses with closed shutters, she shuddered and quickened her pace; to some there were barred windows—these she regarded with a sidelong glance of curiosity, as if she expected to see pale faces peering out between the irons. Once she passed an old stone-building, with every casement from cellar to garret closely ironed; it was only an old sugar-house, and she speeded past it as if it had been a jail.

Full of vague fears, startled at every object that crossed her, suggestive in any, the remotest degree, of that she dreaded—and had good cause to dread the most—she hastened on. A green waggon, close and dark, passed her—the prison carriage, plying between the city prison

and the Island—and she felt it like a cloud as it hurried by. The very streets, murky as they were, seemed to close upon her in the distance, but opened again constantly as she advanced; new houses, new sights and objects, springing as from a perpetual womb, out of the cloudy haze that lowered in her way. As far as her eye could pierce, the roads were dark with vehicles of one sort and another, crossing and re-crossing, rushing tumultuously in every direction; some driven by boys, some by men; some sitting under shelter, others, the cartmen, standing up in their professional frocks, with a firm hold upon the reins, darting rapidly from one side of the street to the other. Above the whole throng and procession, a great coach or stage at times towered up, over-topping the street, and swarming to its very summit with passengers.

All along the way, people poured into the streets in uninterrupted succession, out of damp, dull rooms; out of narrow alleys; from work-shops; from cellars; from churches; and the way was perpetually choked and glutted with the throng. What multitudes went past pent up in carriages—a pleasure to them, a hideous bondage, it seemed to her!

She saw no one, not one, with gyves and irons on their limbs, and yet how care-worn, and bowed, and convict-like they all looked to her!

She passed along, looking anxiously at dark door-ways, at iron gates and steep areas, and heavy churches oppressing the earth with their massive granite or marble; smithies, where men were busy forging vast chains and cables; shops, where great locks and bolts leaned in the windows. A long way after all these, she came upon a grim, ill-dressed, smoke-stained man, who bore in his hand a bunch of keys, which he grasped close and clashed together as he walked, and she shrunk from him as if he had been the deadliest and fastest of all the jailer race. Gazing fearfully about in this way, she espied, far off, through a side-street, dimly seen moving through the dusk, that grew every minute deeper, a hearse and funeral train—at that distance it seemed scarcely more than a shadow—and a cold shudder crept through her frame. What if it were her friend, her dear friend, whose burial she thus regarded? Her first impulse was to hasten after it; but ere she had taken many steps in this resolution



it had glided away, and she returned to the path she had been pursuing. Night now came swiftly on; the black shadows fell in broad masses in the streets; the confusion, the hurry, the press of life in every direction deepened.

She moved along as speedily as she could, consulting from time to time at a window lamp, a chart she had borne in her hand all along. At intervals, as if by chance and no design, a public light broke out, sometimes in one quarter, sometimes in another, and glimmered with a feeble ray. This only made the gloom deeper and drearier than before; and she kept, while she could, in the streets where the shop windows blazed upon the pavement.

It was not easy for her, with all her care, her painful scrutiny of the paper she carried, and study of the sign-boards at the corners, to shape her course aright. There was a street-fight once; then a crowd gathered at the door of a show; then a poor woman who was doling forth from the steps of a gentleman's domicile, a piteous tale of poverty and suffering. Once there was a hideous cry, a light rose high in the air, and she looked about and saw more plainly than ever how darkness had stretched his mighty arms abroad and held the city in his grasp.

Not a whit fairer or freer did the houses show to her now at night, than when she first beheld them and ever since; they all seemed like graves or tombs, or prison-fastnesses. Striking through thoroughfares that diverged from the main path she had been traveling, she was gradually approaching the point she sought. She passed a thoroughfare, little frequented, where the unfed lamps winked and blinked at each other across the street, like so many decayed ghosts. Then another, where all the lights had gone out. Then others, until at length, by what she saw around, she felt that the object of her wish was near at hand.

There was a square, so her chart informed her, here it was; a discolored yellow house—here, too, only it seemed more golden and precious than the description allowed: and there, yes there, where her eyes were fixed, as on a star, shone a little light, just at the height she might have looked for. The house, the home, the shelter of her sick friend was found. The door stood open to receive and welcome her in. She looked around, the tall houses



that guarded the square growing blacker every minute, seemed frowning on her and gathering about her, closer and closer, as if they would shut her in: she glanced timidly up to them, as if they had been in truth cruel living creatures, and trembling with fear and joy, fled into the house for shelter, like one pursued.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### FOB AND HIS VISITER FROM THE COUNTRY.

THE stairs were steep and narrow; and as she clambered up, a thousand visions thronged about her and crowded in her way. At one time she was oppressed with the gloomy thought that *he* might be dead and gone: not to be found any more in that house, or any other of mortal habitation. Then all the great city, in the many dreadful and oppressive shapes it had taken in her mind, whirled past, filling the air with darkness, and confusion and boundless tumult. It was a gloomy way for a poor lonely woman to travel—that ill arranged stairway, lighted only by the chance flickering of cheap candles, where the doors stood ajar; or by whatever of the public light strayed in through the entry windows. Every step brought her nearer to the chamber she sought; and although there were many others under that same roof, children, and women, and aged men, dwelling in many apartments, (for they were all poor, and poverty straitens itself to a narrow fold,) she seemed to know that chamber only, among them all.

At length she stood at the door; she knew it even in the dark, as her hand passed over it; she paused a moment, to gather strength and spirit. While she lingered, in a deep conflict of many emotions, she thought she heard the murmur of gentle music within; it was fancy only, associating with the place an incident that raised it out of its low estate. She entered: there was the room, lighted by a single candle, gleaming from the corner where it stood, as cramped and narrow as ever; the asparagus in bottles; the chain of birds' eggs against the

wall; the pot of plants brought in and stationed on the shelf; the blackbird in his cage, removed from his old look-out at the window and hung upon a beam inside; and underneath these, where his waking eye could command them all, lay the little tailor, poor, wan, wasted with sickness, and slumbering from very want of strength. She looked upon him, scarcely believing it was he: she looked upon the objects which carried her mind far away, and she knew it was, indeed, no other. She sank into a chair by the wall, and looked around: how strong was the sympathy of her fancy with the fancy of the sick man! While she gazed upon them, the room broadened into wide meadows; the asparagus sprigs shot up into fair, green trees; the birds' eggs, in the instant, swarmed with many beautiful and melodious lives; and the single blackbird darkened the air, as if he had been a whole flock in himself. There was more freedom to her in that little room, than in all the broad streets she had wandered through!

Then she watched the sick man himself: so thin, so pale, he seemed to have come to her a long way out of the past, divested of all the clogs and shackles that had held him from her so long. He smiled: by that she knew him again. It was meant, she was sure, for herself; and her heart lightened at the thought. Dwelling upon it, remembering how often such a look had brightened that pale face in old days, her thoughts were led, by degrees, to the basket she had laid down at her side. Unclasping it with trembling hands, she brought from its bosom a slip of the wild-rose, which she carried gently and laid on the pillow by his brow, with the hope that it might suggest to his dreams scenes, dear to him as life. She was right; mingling with his own willing thoughts, what his sense reported to him, there sprang up before him a fantasy of other days, so sweet, so life-like, so lively, that he smiled on it as if it had been reality. His lips moved, and murmured softly, as to a listening ear. She glided quickly forward, and bent down to catch what he uttered: she would have given the world had his words—she thought she knew what they would say—been audible.

Presently the poor tailor wakened from his charmed slumber; sate up in his couch, and looked about. His



eyes, which wandered as in search of something not present, no sooner fell on the pale visiter than they were fixed at once. So unreal they seemed to each other, and yet shadows of what both knew well, they sate gazing each into the other's eyes, without motion or utterance.

"Martha?" at last said Fob, whispering the name, in doubt whether he would be answered, or whether the vision would be dispelled, "Martha Upland?"

She started up and rushed to his bedside.

"I thank God for this," she cried, casting herself upon his neck; "I had not hoped to see you alive!"

"You should scarcely think of the living," answered Fob, with an inexpressible anguish in his look; "you, who have been dead and buried three long years."

"Little better than that," she answered, "or not so good. A close, silent bondage in one's father's house, with eyes, colder than the grave-worms, ever fixed on you; all the motions of nature going on about you, so that you can hear the murmur and not share it; on the same earth with friends you love, and yet sundered, in an everlasting parting, from them: this is death. There can be no other and no worse."

"I could not, dear Martha—it was madness for me to dream, that you would come or could, when I sent for you. I was going to the grave you have prayed for so often; and tarried only to shake hands and part."

"It was only by long watching, and at last, by stealth, that your message came to my hand. Yesterday at day-break, the cruel guards, who have watched me so long, grew, for once, drowsy with sleep; I found access to an upper chamber, clambered to the roof; down upon the old outhouse, (you remember it well,) and at length leaped to the ground. In an hour—an hour sacred to you—I was on my journey, and, now, foot-weary, as you may guess, but glad of heart, I am here."

"Three years—what years—since the awful interdict that divided us was pronounced. It was folly that I, a poor, outcast, landless tailor, should lift my heart to you; but with God's blessing, what I then gave has prospered (I know it has) in your silent prison, as well as it would with all the summer's sun, and the autumn's bounty, shed upon it. Three years; and now I look upon what my eyes have wandered through the whole firmament in

vain, to behold. I have toiled, God knows, for this sight, and have failed till now."

"I saw you once, dear Fob," she answered, returning his look of truthful fondness, "once only: and that was a year ago, yesterday, at dusk, gliding by the garden wall; they seized you and dragged you away before my sight; and ever after, *that* window was closed. The morning light that came that way (they said) was too strong for my fading eyes."

"For many long days," said Fob, "I was the ghost of that dwelling: I haunted all the ways that led to it—sometimes in the orchard, sometimes in the meadow, sometimes, as you saw, under the very eaves of the house itself. But to what purpose? I had been driven, you know, by the iron hand that no man can resist, the relentless law, from fields that were mine; and men followed in its scent, and yelled on my steps, like so many hounds. I was buffeted, reproached, driven off like a dog, till I came to curse the very house that held your enemies and mine. I have failed not, as you learned by what I wrote, to visit our old haunts, and to dream you back again to the life we once led in woods and meadows, and by the margins of smiling streams. How has the time gone with you?" he asked in a choking voice, for he knew the answer too well. "You have had no free air for three weary years."

"No breath whatever," she said, and a deeper paleness struck through her features as she spoke, "closely housed—stealthily watched all that time; while the story has gone abroad that I was deadly sick, of a sickness so frail and delicate, that nearest friends could not see me without endangering life. A physician—a false, corrupt villain as God ever made—came at studious intervals as if to my bedside, and went forth with a piteous sigh, shaking his head over the sad malady that could not be cured. So they thought. They deemed that disease of horrid bondage would never be conquered; but, thanks to Heaven, thanks, never too many nor too devout, I am a free child of the air and the open light once more!"

Even while she spake, swift, copious tears gushed into her eyes; she fell upon her knees, and bowing her head upon the couch of her sick friend, felt that her heart was bursting with thoughts of past suffering and present joy!



Could Fob behold this, and fail to be moved? He looked upon her a moment; a pang writhed his countenance, and clasping one of her pale hands in his, he wept like a child. The wild slip with which she had soothed his sleep, lay where all their tears fell upon it; and if it had budded that moment, and shot forth there, in fair green leaves and brighter flowers than bush or tree ever bore, would it have been less than a true testimony to the beautiful and gentle spirit of the hour?

When they looked up again, the sorrow had passed from their brows, and they smiled on each other, with something like the gladness of a happier time.

"I have brought down all of the old homestead that I could," said Martha, who had her willow basket at the bedside; "and it is here."

She unclasped it; and as Fob glanced down into its fragrant womb, his eyes shone with a new light. He saw whole tracts and acres there.

"These, you know," continued Martha, producing a handful of green cresses, "I plucked them from the Mower's Nook in the wood, so calm and shady in the summer time. You remember it?"

"I think I should," answered Fob, who could not fail to detect a ruddy tinge that crossed the questioner's countenance. "Had that Nook a memory of its own, and could echo what it has heard, how many gentle stories it could tell: that *you* know as well as I."

"Here is clover too," said Martha, "you know that?"

"To be sure I do," answered Fob, quickly, "The sweet, red-blossomed clover that grows by the great Rock in the lane—you found it there, I know. Is the shadow of the old Rock as broad and cheerful as ever?"

"You forget, my dear friend," she replied; "I have not seen its summer shadow for three long years. Boards and casements, thin and frail, have held me in faster than if I had been walled round with rocks as massy and cold as that!"

"What a fool I am!" said Fob, "I knew that well;—but here—what is this?" (taking up a green plant that she had produced, and looking on his pale visiter in wonder) "you have not truly trusted yourself in the dark old Hollow, always so full of midnight and gloomy thoughts, to pluck this for me?"

"From no other place has it come!" answered Martha.

"It was the first I sought after my escape. Dark, dreary, cheerless as you think it—though we have had many a pleasant ramble in its ways—it glared as with sunshine, to my long darkened eye. The dismal pines that dwell on its sides, seemed to laugh in my ear, as the wind whispered with them; the dark bats and ill-omened owls glanced about as glorious as eagles!"

"Our gloomy old friend, the Hollow—you think so hardly of—see what he has yielded," said Martha, after a moment's pause, lifting in her hand a bunch of sparkling red berries, and waving them before the little tailor till they danced again, and shone brighter than his own pleased eyes.

Then there were buttercups gathered from the heart of a meadow, where they had often lingered together, gathering them before; green rushes, from the brook; feathers of the blue-bird, that had moulted where they were found. On each they dwelt, babbling over old memories and associations like children; and finding a solace and joy in those simple treasures, that the costliest banquet might have failed to yield.

All the green and fanciful treasures she had brought, lay spread about him; and his eye gleamed with a tearful joy, as it passed from one to the other.

"I have something more here," said Martha, dipping again into the basket, "something to please you for the sake of others, and not yourself."

"I shall shed no tears, even if it be so," said Fob, smiling. "Let us see."

She brought forth, from the very bottom of the basket, an old, tattered, patched-up parchment, and held it up exultingly before his eyes. He no sooner caught sight of it and learned what it was, than he clapped his hands and stretched them forth, to pluck it gently from her. It was the deed, the very deed, rent in pieces so long ago—which he thought lost forever, rescued to the light by bright eyes that had peered for it amid dust and tumbling fragments, because she knew it would pleasure him. Here was joy—joy for Puffer Hopkins; joy for Hobbleshank; and as he held it close to his eye, it seemed, as every good act and record should, to have a fragrance of all the sweet and fair things among which it had lurked in the basket of the fair fugitive. So they sate there many hours, in which Fob gathered new strength and spirit,



talking over the recovery, past times, scenes, occasions—too sacred for a record. If unseen angels, as some have fondly deemed, watch in our chambers, linger at our bed-sides, and bless us in act of doing well, how must they have swarmed in that little chamber, and through the holiest hours of night, held joyful watch over two spirits so like themselves!

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#### A GOD-SPEED TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

**WE** are really glad of an opportunity to reverse the spell we so lately employed in welcoming a distinguished foreign writer to our country, and utter a few words of benediction to one departing.

A golden time—a pure Sydneyan hour—thought we, the purveyors and interpreters to ARCTURUS, has indeed come upon us, in the midst of an age all dark, and cold, and sad; Sir Philip once more, by Government appointment, glides in his gondola along the wave of Venice, planning apt diplomacy with the morning's light—framing gentle lays, at night, to smooth the motions of the moon! Happy conjunction of ambassador and author—with a pen in either hand—ready for the poem or the protocol; the book or the bulletin.

All the world knows, that Washington Irving goes abroad with all the world's good wishes; that a thousand gentle voices of both sexes, breathe to swell his sails; and that when he sits by the banks of the Xenil or the Darro, no less than his own Hudson, a thousand true hearts will cluster around him, and make cheerful his communings with Nature, or more than all, his reveries with himself. No author could hold a more fortunate position toward his readers than the author of *Knickerbocker* and the *Sketch Book*; he is so thoroughly blended with the earliest and best associations of the present generation of Americans, that all his movements are felt tugging at the heart; and his going abroad seems to them no less than a cruel sundering of the dearest ties. For ourselves, we linger but a moment, to say to him, on the very eve of his departure, God-speed thee, gentle spirit of Sunny-

brook, in all thy wanderings, by sea or land ! Blessings, without stint or number, await on thy pilgrimage ! The best, the kindest, the gentlest of all our present author-tribe !

So, shall it ever be, oh ARCTURUS ! Master and Governor of ours ! In what happier task canst thou be employed than this, of standing on the smooth threshold where Truth, and Goodness, and Beauty abide, the free Host and Entertainer of all that come to thee from beyond the fair waters, in their blessed name ; the utterer of God-speed and benediction to all that go forth !

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## A NIGHT-PIECE,

### IN THE GROVES OF THE HURON.

How like a dream of last-night summers flit,  
When home we come to youth's enchanted land—  
When in the old and silent paths we walk !  
O, how those years, we love, like children come,  
Like smiling children come, and round us gather,  
E'en at the crackling of an acorn-shell  
Beneath the foot, while under antique oaks  
You look, and linger—turn around, and look !  
At every view, what sweet remembrances  
Does Fancy weave ; and that all-quick'ning power,  
Imagination to the beautiful  
Work-up, and with a life and passion fill !  
Are these the groves of Indian Huron's vale ?  
Yonder, the thickets, where I pulled the grape ?  
And shelled the yellow-coated hazel-nut ?  
Oh, me ! I feel the basket on my arm—  
I listen for the voices of my mates—  
I catch the glance of her that picked with me,  
Her timid glance—a sunbeam to my heart !  
Ye silent trees, how lordly still ye stand,  
The night-shades deepening by your majesty !  
Hark ! to no murmur ;—melodies unwaked  
Sleep on the damp air : yet a breathing swells,  
A balmy breathing swells your mighty breast,  
A mute thanksgiving also fills mine own,  
That they have left you—that your brotherhood,



Your ancient brotherhood is yet unbroken.  
 I marvel how ye have escaped the plague,  
 Which sweeps each goodly forest from the land!  
 Your solemn shades possess no sanctity  
 In the rude woodman's eye; your leafy vaults  
 No spell can whisper to his rustic soul.

O, I am glad, ye still are hand in hand,  
 In the great round of solitude—that one  
 Self-weaving garland crowns you as ye move!  
 And feel it, in my heart, ye welcome me:  
 For I have loved you, from a very child;  
 Yea, out of those affections which I poured  
 Around a sister, or another dearer;  
 Nay, spoken of your beauty with a zeal  
 That hath begotten many a wish to come  
 And kindle household fires beneath your green.  
 And I confess, a spirit hath so wrought  
 The spirit of your beauty with mine own,  
 In garden walks, saloons and city parks,  
 That I could find no "promise of a peace,"  
 Till I had craved your blessing.

I have come,

Thou gothic forest! to be wild again.  
 A benison, ye venerable forms!  
 O, shed upon me, from your out-spread hands!  
 O, bless me with my boyhood!—take me back  
 To all of my young feelings!—come to me,  
 E'en as ye were of old!

But here!—what path

Into the shrubbery stealing?—can it be!—  
 'T is even so;—mossy and yielding now,  
 'T was once of the red tribes a beaten trail.  
 This gnarled bough, that swings a hang-bird's nest  
 Out of the fox's reach, has made to stoop  
 The crest of many a painted brave; and, like  
 A gleaming signal, in the wild midnight,  
 Called the lone hunter to the sleeper's fire.  
 But they are gone, those bold romantic men,  
 Whose silvery voices waked these lofty bowers!—  
 For poet only will the airy whoop  
 Peal thro' the rustling chambers:—he alone  
 Upon those tall dark dancers will look in;—  
 Or see them bail their wrecked canoes, and part  
 The weeds that cluster over path and grave.

How softly now the cooling dew descends,  
 E'en with the starlight in its silent fall,  
 In this small opening !—what a full warm gush  
 Of sympathy flows upward from my heart  
 To yon blue heaven, affection's purest home !  
 —O holy moment, in a sinless place !—  
 And once, how fearful was this very spot !—  
 Not all the lands of woody Washtenaw,  
 At twilight here could then have tempted me :—  
 By yon white poplar was a warrior's grave.  
 Children of solitude !—pale flowers, that stand  
 By burial spots, and peep from ruined lodge,  
 Ye woo me now to that romantic tomb.  
 Ah, my unwilling feet !—the old enchantment  
 Is gathering round me like a frosty net-work ;—  
 The fears of childhood chill me once again.

O, who, that loves the lone cathedral halls  
 Of Nature, has not felt the harmony  
 Of happy thoughts by sudden fears disturbed ?—  
 With noiseless step o'er night-shades deep he steals  
 To the still centre of the leafy aisles :  
 Deepen each thought and feeling as he moves :  
 With quick alarm, as at some awful presence,  
 He pauses in the vista ;—like a breeze  
 O'er the tuned strings of an Æolian harp,  
 Immortal fingers sweep the finer chords  
 Of inmost being.—Fancy can it be ?  
 To me—and mostly at a starlight hour—  
 It seems a meeting of some kindred soul,  
 For short, yet dear communion, with our own.

But, Hark ! the wood, a mighty sleeper, breathes ;  
 The hoot-owl slumbers, and the wolf awakes ;  
 The shortest homeward track, tho' blind, is best.

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ANTHON'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY EXPOSED—  
 GALLOWS HIGH.

**A**S friends to an International Copyright Law we give a place to the following article, which has just appeared in England, from Charles Knight. It is an aggravated case of literary imposture, and shows what we more than suspected at the time, that the great, much vaunted dictionary of Professor Anthon, was not quite the original



work the puff manufacturers of Cliff street would have made us believe. The case is bad enough when a publisher gets an author's book for nothing, and taunts him across the waters with the remark that he is conferring upon him a wide reputation; but when an author of good report comes to the bookseller's assistance and passes off the stolen wares as his own, it is a mode of adding injury to insult, which we trust with the enormity has also the alleviation of being a single case, something confined to the jobbing literature and book-making of Professor Anthon and the Harpers.

"ANTHON'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.—A large closely-printed octavo volume, containing upwards of 1,400 pages, was published at New-York in 1841, under the following title—'A Classical Dictionary; containing an Account of the Principal Proper Names mentioned in Ancient Authors, and intended to Elucidate all the Important Points connected with the Geography, History, Biography, Mythology, and Fine Arts of the Greeks and Romans. By Charles Anthon, LL.D. Jay-Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School;' published by Harper and Brothers. The author says in his Preface that the work is "entirely new;" that it is wholly different from Lempriere's Classical Dictionary; that the patient labor of two entire years has been faithfully expended on it. In the department of Ancient Geography, the greatest amount of care he says, has been expended; in Biography, especially Literary Biography, the work has peculiar claims, 'since we have no work in the English language in which a full view is given of Grecian and Roman Literature;' and 'the department of the Fine Arts forms an entirely new feature in the present work.' It is remarkable that a book of these pretensions to originality, should be open to the charge of dealing with the literary productions of another country, in a manner totally at variance with the principles upon which authors of character avail themselves of the labors of their contemporaries. The Proprietors of the PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA are under the necessity of bringing this charge against Doctor Anthon, and of coming to the resolution of employing the protection of the English law to prevent the sale of his 'Classical Dictionary' in this country.

The Classical Articles of the "Penny Cyclopedia," upon the principle which has governed the entire conduct of the work, have been prepared by competent scholars from original sources, and the authorities are given at the end of the articles. The Editor has compared many parts of Dr. Anthon's book with the "Penny Cyclopædia," and has already made a list of ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ARTICLES—and many of these among the most elaborate

parts of the New York *Classical Dictionary*, occupying two, three, four, and six columns each—which are COPIED, either *word for word*, with only the change of a particle here and there, from the “Penny Cyclopædia,” or taken in part from that work. The mode in which Doctor Anthon acknowledges his obligations to the “Penny Cyclopædia” is among the most ingenious novelties of his book. He sometimes takes an entire article, without any reference whatever; but he quotes the authorities referred to by the writer in the “Cyclopædia,” as if he had used them himself. In other cases—and this is the more common practice—he takes the entire article, naming all the authorities given in the “Cyclopædia,” and *among those very authorities* quoting the “Cyclopædia” itself, by a name which it does not bear, as if he had derived *some* information from that source in common with other books. For example, the “Olympian Games” of the “Cyclopædia” become the “Olympia” of the “Classical Dictionary,” occupying four columns; and at the end these references are made by Doctor Anthon: (Pausan. lib. 5, 6, *seqq.*; West’s *Pindar Prelim. Diss.*; Wachsmuth, *Hellen. Alterthumsk.*, vol. i. p. 108; Potter’s *Grecian Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 495; Thirlwall’s *Greece*, vol. i. p. 384, *seqq.*; *Encyclop. Us. Knowl.* vol. xvi. p. 430, *seqq.*) One would conjecture from this mode of reference that Dr. Anthon had examined the other books with the same care as the *Encyclop. Us. Knowl.* But these minute references are *all* given at the end of the article in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and have been transferred to the “Classical Dictionary,” as evidence of Doctor Anthon’s research and scholarship.

If Doctor Anthon had made those ample acknowledgements in his Preface which he ought to have made, and had fairly quoted his authorities in the body of the work, the only ground of complaint would have been that he was reprinting articles in one book of reference which were taken from another, and was thus to some extent damaging the sale of the original work. He has not done so; he has used and disguised a vast body of matter originally purchased for another work of reference at a high cost. There is no law of international copyright which prevents such appropriation of the labor of Englishmen by Americans, or the labor of Americans by Englishmen; but authors of reputation well know that they cannot practice such appropriation without forfeiting the respect of all honorable men. It is impossible to deal with a *piracy* of this character simply with notice and remonstrance. The law of copyright affords no protection in the United States; but the Proprietors of the PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA hereby give public notice to all Booksellers in the United Kingdom not to import or sell the “Classical Dictionary,” by Dr. Anthon, published at New-York, in 1841, as it is their intention, in every case where a copy is vended after this notice, to move for an Injunction against the Vender in the Court of Chancery.

CHAS. KNIGHT & Co.



## COPYRIGHT FALLACIES.

THUS far, the chief manifesto of opinion on the part of that near-sighted and illogical portion of the community, known as the foes of an International Copyright Law, has been the report of Mr. Campbell to the Association of the Home League: a report, in the doctrines of which, however, that respectable body are by no means implicated. The Home League is an assembly of the friends of the Tariff and the protection of American industry, who meet in one of the public buildings in the rear of the City Hall, discuss statistics and domestic policy, receive members of associate societies at a distance, and invite the public to a share in their deliberations. They are opposed to Free Trade, and call loudly for reciprocity in the commercial intercourse of different nations. So far as we have heard, their deliberations are conducted with good temper, and the society is successful in its object of calling together the friends of the cause, and of disseminating intelligence. Upon the arrival of Mr. Dickens, the subject of the International Copyright Law was brought up—with what debate or by whose suggestion, we are not acquainted; but Mr. Campbell, known chiefly, as a highly respectable citizen and enterprising paper manufacturer, was charged to report on the subject, and a report was accordingly prepared and read. It was adverse to the passage of any such law, and was received by the society with anything but favor; at any rate, after a prolonged discussion, it was quietly withdrawn, without the action of the Home League.

To say the truth, we cannot but wonder at the folly of those friends of the Report, who ever selected the assembly of the self-styled protectors of American industry as the arena for the display of their unpatriotic sentiments. In the whole range of international policy, they could not have found a greater grievance, an evil pressing more severely upon the welfare of the country, than this very one which they undertook to vindicate. The Report, had it been adopted, would have been a monstrous fallacy, no less than an announcement of a League for the oppression of American Talent by the friends of American Industry.

The society did not commit themselves to any such absurdity : they dropped the report, which would have been soon forgotten had not the author and the admirers of its doctrines seen fit to revive it in print, and circulate it widely. We have it now before us, and shall proceed to an examination of its positions.

To many men, very little argument on this subject is needed. Convince me that a course is right, say they, and all inferior questions of expediency may take care of themselves. Such men are content to act on principle, and enjoy the fruits of their virtues without a nice forecasting of each particular event. Many an honest man in the city, is honest without being aware how many benefits flow to him and others from simply paying his debts, or how many evils are obviated by so simple and straight-forward a proceeding. To this class the defence of the International Copyright is easy. Show them the robbery, and they are very willing to advocate the restraining law. You have but to lead them to a bookseller's counter, and point them to the poor mutilated and plundered authors, to convince them of a great wrong. There are other men who boggle at minor difficulties, who get entangled in the details of a subject without the ability to seize its essential principle ; who have no faith for a just cause, no eye for the grand effects of any measure of reform which do not happen to lie exactly one inch before their noses.

One of the first considerations that presents itself to the author of the Report is, that by the passage of an international law we shall be granting a great boon to English authors, and receiving nothing in return for our own. The objection is false in point of fact, and it is still more unworthy in its spirit, for it shows a sad want of faith in the ability of American authors, under equal circumstances, to compete with their brethren in England. The truth is, we should be gaining something at once for our authors, in copy money, from the English people. Not to mention the case to which we alluded in our last number, so expressly in point, of Washington Irving withholding a work in mss. with the hope of securing his English copyright ; and, not to mention the large sums it is well known he has heretofore received for his writings by the courtesy of that land, we might appeal to Cooper, and



ask if the passage of such a law were a matter of indifference to him—to Channing, of whose work on *Self Culture*, there were no less than six rival editions immediately reprinted—to Willis, who, we believe, in time past received more from a London publisher for two dramatic works than was ever offered him at home—to Charles Hoffman, who, if we remember aright, found a London publisher for one of his Indian works, some time since, a work that has not yet been seen by his countrymen—to Mr. Neal of Philadelphia, whose *Charcoal sketches* (to show another side of the same argument) were recently pirated in England, and printed even without his name—to Prescott—to Bancroft—to Mackenzie, in fine, to any author of eminence or character in this country. For it is evident that Englishmen set a far higher value upon these authors than Mr. Campbell in his report, whose modesty on this point, is excessive. “American authors,” says he, “generally, have nothing to hope from publishers in England. The reprint of an American book in England, is an event so rare as to weigh nothing in a general argument.”

But granting that this were the case at present, that American authors had to blush in silence and could raise no just word of contradiction against the ungracious sayings of Mr. Campbell—is an argument drawn from their present inferior position to be conclusive against all possible advantages that may result from a future and a better course of policy? It is because of this very fact that Great Britain does outnumber us in her authors, that we ask for a law by which our own shall be protected. Place both on an equality, and we have no fears but that in a very little while, American activity in the production of good books, will equal English activity. A great literary age is already dawning upon this country: it cannot be that the active child, always listening, ever taught by each variety of circumstance, with all its faculties wide awake for the reception of truth—it cannot be that the manly child is always to remain dumb. The nation, like the child, will speak when nature bids her. Soon shall be heard the poet, singing his song for all men to listen. We have toiled and worked, and somewhere, though hidden, is the bard who has not been unobservant of our toil and labor. He will come and smooth our wrinkled brows;

he will lead us by the hand away from our wearing and care-destroying schemes of money making and finance to the calmer regions of the Muse. He will teach us of better things, of higher aims; and the prose writer, the moralist, the orator, and the novelist shall pursue his themes. We have faith in American literature, for we love and reverence the national character. There is now before us, whithersoever we turn, much of confusion, and apparent discord—these are like the materials of the troubled witch's cauldron, over which there is now pronouncing a spell, and Time is evoking, with her incantation, beautiful forms of youths and maidens—the sons and daughters of American literature.

We believe that in this question of mere reciprocity, the time will come, when American authors shall equal in number those of England, and shall fairly compete with them on English soil.

The next point in the Report assumes a more patriotic guise. The last was directed at the humiliation of American authors. This conveys a compliment to the intelligence of the readers and people. "The rich," says the report, "might, and doubtless would, continue to purchase at the enhanced price, but what would be the condition of the middling and lower classes of our population, whose characteristic, be it remembered, is intelligence; and whence do they derive that intelligence, which so honorably and happily distinguishes them from persons abroad in corresponding spheres of life? why, from the circulation, to be sure, of every species of knowledge in the cheapest possible form, put forth by rival publishers, striving to supply the intellectual market at the lowest possible terms." Mr. Campbell need not be alarmed: his agitation is the effect of ignorance and timidity; an unconsciousness of one of the first principles of political economy; a forgetfulness of the great law which governs demand and supply. There is no fear that a nation of readers, already formed, with a keen appetite for books, be it remembered, will be suffered to relapse into an illiterate state again for want of a race of booksellers and authors who will supply them with the very kind of books they need, at such prices as they can afford to pay. Authors are clear-sighted men, with very keen booksellers to back them, and between the two, the very simple idea,



it may be presumed, will be hit upon, that it is expedient to publish a cheap edition of a book, that they may sell it to these very numerous and intelligent readers. Publishers are aware that as the number of an edition is increased, the cost of each copy diminishes in a rapid progression; and authors, eager for fame and reputation, naturally seek the largest audiences. Neither will adopt the suicidal policy of keeping their works out of the market by greatly enlarging the price.

Under an International Copyright Law, the price of English books would bear but a small proportion to their present English rates. There are extravagant items of expense in England that would not be felt here, to wit, the more costly paper, and especially the heavy tax on advertisements. There is one consideration that would at once reduce the price, the larger markets and the greater demand. Where a few purchasers, as in England, must pay for the production of a book, the price must be high; where the expense is divided amongst a great many, as in this country, the price would, infallibly, be cheap. Mr. Campbell and his friends in the Home League ought to trust Mr. Clay on this point; and what says that enlightened statesman in *his* Report to Congress? "The Committee cannot anticipate," was the language of the Report, "any reasonable or just objection to a measure thus guarded and restricted. It may, indeed, be contended, and it is possible, that the new work, when charged with the expense incident to the copyright, may come into the hands of the purchaser at a small advance beyond what would be its price, if there were no such charge; *but this is by no means certain*. It is, on the contrary, highly probable that, when the American publisher has adequate time to issue carefully an edition of the foreign work, without incurring the extraordinary expense which he now has to sustain to make a hurried publication of it, and to guard himself against dangerous competition, *he will be able to bring it into the market as cheaply as if the bill were not to pass.*"

Let us state one fact, illustrating this question of cheapness. There are handsome English editions of works now publishing in both countries, and in demand, that, were the duty on English books resumed, could be sold here cheaper than corresponding American reprints. Mr.

Campbell has brought forward a slender array of high English prices: he has *packed* his prices for a special purpose. We might easily furnish a table of figures that would tell the other way.

To concede, however, all that the fears of Mr. Campbell suggests on this point, we cannot see why, even for the benefit of the American public, the legitimate course of trade between two nations should be violated; or in plain terms, why books should be stolen to be sold cheap, any more than broadcloth and woollens.

We have seen Mr. Campbell, in the early part of his reports, arguing, that the supply of books will be diminished, and the great hungry literary public, die for lack of aliment. Now, in a spirit of contradiction, and self-immolation, with a beautiful want of consistency, he maintains, that, the number of reprints will be increased, "numerous inferior and unprincipled writers will then annoy us with their works, etc., etc." We are willing to give the author of the report, every advantage, and admit his contradictions. Let English copyrights be increased; the American author does not seek protection from a fair competition, he is willing to enter the field manfully with competitors. He only asks to commence the race with his English brother from the same starting post. At present, the sum that ought to be paid to the English author for copyright, is virtually a premium paid to the bookseller, to the injury and exclusion of the American writer.

We have now disposed of the fallacies of Mr. Campbell: we regret his errors and misconceptions: we regret still more, the marks of an illiberal spirit in his report. It is late in the day to support a bad argument by an appeal to popular unfriendly feeling towards England. These, says the report, sneeringly, are the claims of "British authors." "The true question of course is—what claim has a *subject of Queen Victoria*, or more generally, what just demand has the *Government of that royal personage upon this republic*, in behalf of authors owing her allegiance?" These are arguments better fitting pot house politicians, than the enlightened jury of statesmen and civilians, who must determine the policy of this great question. If such are the best arguments of the foes of an International Copyright, its friends need not despair.



## E A S T E R - D A Y .

(From 'HALLOWEEN,' an unpublished poem.)

BY A. CLEAVELAND COXE.

It was the holy Easter-day,  
And Nature, like an infant lay,  
When soft its breathing comes and goes,  
No sound, no stir, but cool repose.  
A calm soft sleep was in the air,  
And every breeze that whisper'd there,  
Came sweet as from a seraph's mouth,  
With odors from the sunny South ;  
And so the garden-walks along  
I saunter'd pleas'd, and humming song,  
And knew that Heaven itself above,  
Did keep with Earth that feast of Love.

When CHRIST, our Lord, was born of old,  
An angel choir his coming told ;  
And from the manger where he lay,  
All up along the starry way,  
Were seraphs set, and watchwords given,  
To pass the story up to Heaven :  
And so, in sooth, they stand as well,  
Though not to mortals visible,  
Whene'er the Church's anthems rise,  
To waft our homage to the skies.  
Oh then, how blest each festal morn,  
When CHRIST arose, when CHRIST was born,  
And who but loves thee, Easter-day,  
Queen of old feasts, so bright, so gay,  
So dear to every Christian soul,  
O'er all the Earth, from pole to pole !

For Heaven comes down to Earth, in thee,  
That worship may be harmony.  
And years on years away have roll'd,  
But still the Easter chimes are toll'd.  
From land to land they peal and ring,  
How JESU is our Lord and King ;  
And hark ! once more—from yonder fane,  
Outpeal those gushing sounds again,  
Responsive to the anthem hurl'd  
From land to land, around the world.

Yes,—the Easter-bells are ringing !  
Yes,—it is the Easter-day !  
Hark,—their merry chimes are singing  
In their sweet old-fashioned way !  
Listen,—for they seem to say  
In their ivied turret swinging,  
Hear oh Earth, 'tis Easter-day !

## 1

CHRIST is arisen,  
Joy to thee, mortal !  
Out of his prison,  
Forth from its portal !  
CHRIST is not sleeping,  
Seek him no longer ;  
Strong was his keeping ;  
JESUS was stronger !

## 2

CHRIST is arisen,  
Seek him not here,  
Lonely his prison,  
Empty his bier,  
Vain his entombing,  
Spices, and lawn ;  
Vain the perfuming :  
JESUS is gone !

## 3

CHRIST is arisen,  
Joy to thee, mortal !  
Empty his prison,  
Broken its portal :  
Rising, he giveth  
His shroud to the sod ;  
Risen,—he liveth,  
And liveth to God !



## CAMPBELL'S BRITISH POETS.\*

THE value attached to Campbell's *Specimens of the Poets*, has been of late years proportioned to the difficulty of its acquisition. We remember no modern book of equal fame, that had so entirely disappeared from circulation,—its possession conferred an indirect title to literary taste, on the fortunate owner: every extant copy seems to have found a secure haven of rest in the custody of the discerning few, whose unseen influence reveals itself in the scarcity that every now and then overtakes a favorite book, just as we are felicitating ourselves on an exclusive relish for its worth. The revival of such a book in a form adapted for popular use and extended circulation, is an occurrence to be noted in contemporary literary history. With a few natural regrets for the by-gone days of leaded type, and ample margins, that gladdened the bodily eye in its original seven volume form—we admit that the present edition, “cabined, cribbed, confined” though it be, in a heavy and double-columned octavo, is a service rendered to the cause of sound letters, for which we are thankful.

There is no book in our language that brings to this subject equal pretensions, or more ably sustains them. The tasks of selection and annotation have too often fallen the unquestioned heritage of a race of plodders whose good intentions scarcely atone for their misdoings. The very inspiration of our poets is dulled by the reflected obscurity of their commentators. Look at what is called a standard edition of an English poet—Todd's *Spenser*, for instance—and see how the author, served up in shredded fragments at the top of the page, hardly glimmers through the huge fog-banks of darkening drowsiness, miscalled notes and illustrations. Aikin, Chalmers, Anderson, and many others who might be mentioned, were men of this stamp. Southey and Hazlitt, have done little more than display the inalienable good taste and discrimination that each brought to the performance of an allotted piece of task work. The only prominent

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\* *Specimens of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry*, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. A new Edition, (by Peter Cunningham.) London: Murray. 1841. 8vo. pp. 716.

exceptions that occur at the moment are Lamb, in his *Dramatic Specimens*, Sir Edgerton Brydges, who, in his edition of Milton, has shown the strength and fervor of that filial tie that binds the true poet, of whatever degree, to his superior—through the recognition of their common nature; and the Rev. John Mitford, through whom in the *Aldine Poets*, the reading world are gradually receiving a series of editions that leave nothing to be desired on the score of neatness, industry, and good taste.

In Campbell we have a mind of another order, addressing itself to an enterprise, armed with all the natural advantages that a poet must possess in the criticism of his art, added to the most finished classical taste; a sparkling sword sharp vividness of expression, that indelibly brands its sentences of praise or blame on the mind of the reader, and a careful preparation in the requisite course of study. As may be imagined, the characteristic tastes and excellences of the author, are mirrored in every page of the editor. The most correct poet of the language has no leanings to mercy's side when passing judgment on the vigorous though erratic flights of uncultured genius; a transparent clearness of diction, however shallow the sense, is surer to win his sympathy. He holds a safer middle course, the more laudable, and would restrain all daring flights. This tendency is conspicuous in the treatment dealt out to the earlier writers. To have more of Vaughan, Crashaw, Donne, Herbert and Herrick, we would gladly part with eighteen out of the nineteen columns appropriated to Amherst Selden; nay, even renounce the like number that attempt the resuscitation of Glover's *Leonidas*. In his admiration for the workmanship, Mr. Campbell too often overlooks the intrinsic worthlessness of the ore. For the leaden epics of the last century, he seems to feel an unwonted tenderness. Pye, Cottle, Cumberland, Sir J. B. Burges, and a host of others, must bitterly regret that chronological limits have prevented their apotheosis in this Temple of Fame; but the attempt to conciliate all judgments must of course be a failure. It is these very idiosyncrasies of taste coming from so high a source, that give its peculiar value to the work. Completeness has been the chief aim in the construction of the plan, and though some of the specimens, dragged awkwardly into light from their moth-eaten repose, are fit-



ter for the museum than the Picture Gallery, we must remember that shades of a painting are as essential as the lights for the production of true effect. With all allowance for defects, it is a noble work—a guide to direct the wanderings of the pilgrim through those “realms of gold,” the rich inheritance of our mother tongue. It reminds us of one of those quaint old cabinets, seen in vaulted corridors and palace chambers of kings, where the mineral wealth of an empire is imaged in the compass of a span—where the granite of the everlasting hills, the costly gem, and the pebble of the streamlet, alike find a place—gaining value from their juxtaposition and the skill of the cunning artificer.

The editorial labors of Campbell are contained in the Preliminary Essay, which comprises a rapid sketch of the varying fortunes of English Poetry from the origin of the language to the days of Pope, and the separate notices of the Poets, where their merits are submitted to a more detailed examination. A recent re-perusal has convinced us that the subject has called forth no treatise of equal value. Clear, precise, and acute, in all his views, the imagery of the poet is employed to add point to the decisions of the critic. Even on points of abstract antiquarian research, (as the formation of the English language,) it is remarkable how the “vision and the faculty divine” places its possessor far in advance of the labors of those who have made them their peculiar study. As the book is even now in the hands of few readers, some detached sentences rudely disjointed from their fellows, may exemplify our remarks. The effect of advancing civilization on the usages of chivalry, is thus beautifully described:—“The early arts made chivalrous life, with all its pomp and ceremonies, more august and imposing, and more picturesque as a subject for description. Literature for a time contributed to the same effect, by her jejune and fabulous efforts at History, in which the athletic worthies of classical story and of modern romance were gravely connected by an ideal genealogy. Thus the dawn of human improvement smiled on the fabric which it was ultimately to destroy, as the morning sun gilds and beautifies those masses of frostwork which are to melt before its noonday heat.”

The essence of all that has been written upon that

much discussed question, the Origin of Romantic Fiction, is here condensed into a paragraph: "The elements of romantic fiction have been traced up to various sources; but neither the Scaldic, nor Saracenic, nor Armorican theory of its origin can sufficiently account for all its materials. Many of them are classical, and others derived from the Scriptures. The migrations of science are difficult enough to be traced, but Fiction travels upon still lighter wings, and scatters the seeds of her wild flowers imperceptibly over the world, till they surprise us by springing up with similarity in regions the most remotely divided."

The truth and beauty of the following noble passage, referring to the decline of English Poetry after Chaucer, when the fires of Smithfield were first kindled by the bigotry of the Lancastrian race of kings, will be obvious to all: "Our natural hatred of tyranny, and we may safely add, the general test of history and experience, would dispose us to believe religious persecution to be necessarily and essentially baneful to the elegant arts, no less than to the intellectual pursuits of mankind. It is natural to think that when punishments are let loose upon men's opinions, they will spread a contagious alarm from the understanding to the imagination. They will make the heart grow close and insensible to generous feelings, where it is unaccustomed to express them freely, and the graces and gaieties of fancy will be dejected and appalled. In an age of persecution, even the living study of his own species must be comparatively darkened to the poet. He looks round on the characters and countenances of his fellow creatures, and instead of the naturally cheerful and eccentric variety of their humors, he reads only a sullen and oppressed uniformity. To the spirit of poetry, we should conceive such a period to be an impassable Avernus, where she would drop her wings and expire."

The characteristics of individuals are portrayed with the same felicity. The following discriminating sentence is passed on one usually condemned unheard: "There is much in Cowley that will stand; he teems in many places with the imagery, the feeling, the grace and gaiety of a Poet, nothing but a severer judgment was wanting to collect the scattered lights of his fancy. His unnatural flights arose less from affectation than from self



deception. He cherished false thoughts, as men often associate with false friends, not from insensibility to the difference between truth and falsehood, but from being too indolent to examine the difference."

Of Dr. Young, he says: "He was in truth not so sick of life as of missing its preferments, and was still ambitious not only of converting Lorenzo, but of shining before this utterly worthless and wretched world as a sparkling, sublime and witty poet. Happily the awful truths which they (the Night Thoughts) illustrate are few and simple. Around those truths the Poet directs his course with innumerable sinuosities of fancy, like a man appearing to make a long voyage while he is in reality only crossing and re-crossing the same expanse of water."

Of Beaumont and Fletcher: "Awake they will always keep us, whether to quarrel or to be pleased with them. Their invention is fruitful, its beings are on the whole an active and sanguine generation, and their scenes are crowded to fulness with the warmth, agitation, and interest of life."

How finely he says of Spenser, in these modulated sentences on the Fairy Queen: "His command of imagery is wide, easy, and luxuriant. He threw the soul of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly and magnificently descriptive than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been since. It must certainly be owned that in description he exhibits nothing of the brief strokes and robust power which characterize the very greatest poets; but we shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colors of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry. His fancy teems exuberantly in minuteness of circumstance, like a fertile soil sending bloom and verdure through the utmost extremities of the foliage which it nourishes.

\* \* \* Though his story grows desultory, the sweetness and grace of his manners still abide by him. He is like a speaker whose tones continue to be pleasing, though he may speak too long; or like a painter who makes us forget the defect of his design, by the magic of his coloring."

An Essay that affords extracts equal to the above on every page, takes its place at once and of right among the books that we read and re-read with instruction and delight.

Two hundred and sixty-one poets, including dramatists, from Chaucer (1328-1400) to Anstey, (1724-1805,) are inscribed on the roll of those whom the pious care of the editor would not willingly let die,—covering a space of over four centuries. It would tax the memory of the best informed of our readers to recall two hundred of these names,—the conservative salt of criticism may yet retain, in a dubious twilight existence, one-third of the number from their own home of oblivion,—but not one hundred live and abide in the minds of the educated portion—and of those whose claims are borne in the popular breath, and recognized among men, the list is indeed small—so few are the landmarks that men can raise against time.

It is difficult to speak briefly of a book that, wherever we open it, offers matter for remark. We will note a few passing facts that strike us while turning over its leaves. The elder writers before the Elizabethan age receive but a limited share of Campbell's attention; his mind is not with them. The rugged march of their versification is discordant to his ear, dimming his perception of the naïveté, the manly simplicity, and the clear, open daylight love of nature that yet procure them admirers. Chaucer has due honor done him in a lengthened notice of life and works preceding that living and moving group of ancestral portraits, the prologue to the tales. Gower and Lydgate, who make up the hearty old triumvirate, are dismissed with scantier notice. The apathy towards the fame of our poetical patriarchs, is strikingly shown by the fact that since Urry's miserably incorrect edition, a hundred years since, there has been no complete re-impression of Chaucer's Works; that most of Gower's writings still slumber in the dust of mss., and that Lydgate (spite of the praise of Gray, who rates highly his art in raising the tender emotions of the mind) is but now finding an editor under the auspices of the Percy Society, one of the new Literary Clubs now in operation, with the most successful effect, in London. The old Scotch poets, James I., Lyndsay, Dunbar, &c., are next discussed, with some general introductory remarks. In the singular and still inexplicable fact of the comparatively advanced stage which the English language appears to have attained at the Scottish court and kingdom at an early date, readers not deterred by uncouth orthography, will find Dunbar's *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, a poem remarkable for



an uncommon breadth and vigor of personification. Robert and Makyne, by Henrysone, an unknown poet of the fifteenth century, is the earliest pastoral in the language, and is a most pleasing specimen of the testimony that we derive from poetry, to the existence of a calm, gently flowing under current of domestic sympathies and affections that find no record in the blood-stained pages of the historian. While on the subject of Scotland, we cannot refrain from pointing out the remarkable concurrence of circumstance by which the old heroic spirit of the earliest ages was kept in action on the borders, by the incidents of predatory life—how its inseparable accompaniment, a well spring of poetry fresh and sparkling from the heart of man, was preserved almost to our days—a fount at which our poets, who soared beyond the stagnant Helicons of the last century, slaked their thirst, and imbibed the spirit of truth and nature which yet worketh for the regeneration of our literature. A few more pages, and we are involved in the glittering mazes of the Elizabethan group of worthies. Here every name is of sweet savor, and might well invite a lingering delay. Spenser, Drummond of Hawthornden, (what music in the sound) Bishop Hall, Drayton, (a favorite with our editor, whose courtesy extends so far as to admire that huge rhyming mistake, that Doomsday Book made easy, the *Polyalbion*) Ben Jonson, and all the dramatic writers and many others, are noticed and selected from with great skill and taste. There are a few points on which we should differ from the estimate of the editor, one of the most conspicuous is the very extravagant eulogy bestowed on Shirley, the disproportionate length of the extracts from his plays show his sincerity, though to our minds he is a feeble and monotonous writer, a mere heir to all the verbiage of his predecessors, without the informing principle of life that is found even in the meanest of the writers who flourished just before him. We disagree with him also in the harsh judgment passed on Henry Vaughan. He is called one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit, and his beauties reduced to a few scattered thoughts, “like wild flowers on a barren heath.” Whoever has read the few poems of this writer, that are to be found in modern collections, unfortunately all that are accessible to the general reader through the extreme scarcity of his works,

will dissent from this unamiable tone of censure; and it is the more remarkable as exercised towards one of the few authors whom the good sense of Mr. Campbell has selected for imitation almost beyond the customary limits. We allude to the *Rainbow*. A slight inspection will show that it contains within twenty lines the very ideas, nay, expressions expanded into Campbell's beautiful and well known poem of the same name. A few words might be urged against the stereotype calumnies that Herrick suffers under as a coarse and indelicate writer. No poet of his age is free from exceptionable passages, but that they abound beyond measure in the pages of the author of the "*Monody of the Daughters of Israel*," (which we need hardly recal to the readers of *Arcturus*) is a charge that we indignantly repel. The exalted tone of his devotional poetry is a noble expiation for the errors of his youthful fancy. The school of Pope and Dryden, once reached, the editor treads with a firmer footstep. The selections from the "eminent hands" of Queen Anne's day increase in length if not in interest, and their lives are touched with a greater relish. Like star after star disappearing, a universal darkness buries all, till Collins, Burns, and Cowper appear to give promise of a brighter dawn.

We should not forget to mention, that the volume we are noticing, sees the light without the usual advantages of a second edition during the lifetime of an author—the characteristic instability of the poetical temperament is shown in his desertion of his proper offspring,—and its superintendence has been accordingly entrusted to the care of a stranger—Mr. Peter Cunningham (a son, we believe, of our old friend Allan.) This gentleman has shown commendable diligence in the correction of errors of fact, and the bringing together the testimonies of various authors for the elucidation of disputed matters of taste and criticism,—but when he ventures on original observations, his flippancy and pert twittering attempts at vivacity, form a strong contrast with the remarks of the original editor. The man who calls Swift "this hateful fellow," and characterises his career "as one continuous growl of discontent," need give no farther evidence of incapacity for the task he has undertaken.



## THE OMNIBUS.\*

"Oh! couldst thou but know,  
With what a deep devotedness of woe,  
I wept thy absence, o'er, and o'er again,  
Thinking of thee—still thee, till thought grew pain,  
And memory like a drop that night and day  
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away."

MOORE.

THE next morning, on reaching the stand, I found a female, apparently about forty, and clad in an English travelling dress of a plain description, accompanied by three fine John Bullish looking children, waiting for the omnibus. She had just landed, she informed me, from the Albany steamer, and had been put on shore at the State Prison Dock, with a direction to proceed to Union Square, where she would meet with omnibuses going down Broadway every few minutes, and in that mode be very likely to be directed to a respectable boarding-house, by some of her fellow passengers. Her remaining difficulty arose from her having lost the address of an establishment of that sort, which had been given to her by an officer's lady in Canada. Having heard me addressed as "Doctor," she said she was glad to hear me called so, for her next object to finding a lodging, was to secure the services of a physician. She had been indisposed for some time, and was going to England to be nursed by her mother. She only waited the arrival of her husband, who had been sent home on regimental business, and would be back, as Colonel Blank assured her, in the Caledonia, and immediately on his arrival proceed to New-York. My heart sunk within me ;—I knew

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\* [The series of papers, of which this is an extra-leaf, is now publishing in the New-York American. They are written by a distinguished citizen of this city, a valetudinarian, who relieves the hours of needful quiet in sketching by-gone scenes of history, old New-York recollections ; and who tempers his meditations on men and things with the gentlest philosophy. The following paper sufficiently explains itself. A benevolent physician meets various people in his daily rides in an omnibus, with whom he holds conversation, or is sometimes led into an adventure.

EDS. ARCTURUS.]

that the Caledonia was generally considered out of time, and by some, given up for lost : and I must confess, my own opinion was against her safety. I was alarmed lest Mrs. ——— should suddenly hear of the apprehensions that existed ; and revolving the matter in my mind, I had resolved not to conceal these apprehensions from her, after I had seen her comfortably settled in her lodgings. As soon as this was done, she made inquiry of me respecting the character of a highly respectable house in Wall street, upon whom she had a letter of credit ; but said that she should not have occasion to use it *unless the worst should befall*. “My dear madam!” I exclaimed, “let me conjure you not to indulge these idle alarms. Hope for the best.” She bowed her head, as if in humble resignation, and extended to me her hand. “I will, thou good Samaritan,” she said ; “I will.” “I know you will,” I answered, “for you are a Christian, and Hope, you know, is the Christian’s sheet anchor.” “I know it well,” she replied ; “but Doctor! if I bear it, which I must, like a *woman*, I cannot dispute it like a man.” After administering a composing draught to the mother, and stealing a few kisses from the daughter by way of fee, I took my leave, promising to return shortly.

I called upon the house in Wall street, and was informed by the junior partner, that the people in Canada had recently failed, and, as he suspected, without funds at their command in London. “But as the husband of the lady is a British officer, we shall find no difficulty in arranging the affair to her satisfaction ; but I must first consult my *commander-in-chief*.” He was not gone more than a minute, when he returned from an inner-room and declared, there would be no difficulty. “I will call on Mrs. ——— myself, in half an hour, with the money. Give me her address.” “Ah!” said I, while writing the direction, “no wonder your house is so famous for doing business on a liberal scale.” “Why, Doctor,” he answered, “our reputation for liberality, and some other matters, is a part of our capital.” On my return to the lodging-house, I found the young banker had been before me, and consequently, that Mrs. ——— had been placed upon velvet as to money matters ; and after making some professional inquiries, and ascertaining that there would be no necessity of further recourse to the *materia medica*, I



was about making my bow, when the head of the firm and his lady, were announced. She received them with the most graceful politeness, and was evidently moved—for I saw her brush from her cheek a tear that had broken its bounds. After some conversation, principally concerning her health, she was invited to accompany them to their country residence on the Island, where she would enjoy every advantage of quiet and retirement, and yet be within reach of the Doctor. They would scarcely listen to her excuses, and told her that the small pox and scarlet fever were both prevailing in the city, and appealed to me to confirm the statement, which I did. Still she hesitated, as if scrupulous of accepting such an offer on so short an acquaintance. But she looked at her children, and concluded to go. “Come, then, madam,” said my energetic friend, “there’s no time to be lost. We will remain here with the Doctor while you make ready.” “That’s rather a hazardous offer,” she smilingly replied; “you are not so well aware, as your good lady, how long you may be detained.” “It need not be more than a very few minutes, as you have only in one word, to order all your luggage to be sent out to the carriage.” “God bless you,” she exclaimed, with much emotion, and left the room in tears instead of smiles.

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#### THE OLD MONEY-BROKER.

I wish I could make you catch the likeness,—his face pale and tawny, a complexion that I would call *moony*, it looks so much like badly washed Sheffield. His hair, brushed smooth, is ashen gray, and lies close to his head. His features are as settled and unruffled as if moulded in bronze. There are scarcely any lashes to his small gray eyes, which are as yellow as weasel’s; his nose is sharp, his lips thin, very thin; and his sight always protected against the glare of broad day by a green lining to the front of his old jockey-cap. He speaks with a low voice, and never loses his temper in an argument with his customers. He is always appalled in sable. What his age may be is all a guess; you cannot tell whether

he has become old before his time, or whether he has so husbanded his youth and vigor, as to be wearing them out at the slowest possible rate.

His room is as neat as an Englishman's coat ; but every thing in it is thread-bare, from the coverlet on the bed, to the green baize of the secretary. It seems the cold recess of one of those ancient spinsters who spend the live-long day in rubbing up the old furniture ; and every thing in it is defective or cross-grained ; even to the very fire-brands in the coldest winter's day, I have never seen them blazing ; but they smoulder away without flame, half smothered in the bed of ashes.

The life of this man passes away as noiselessly as the sands of an antique hour-glass. From the hour he rises, to his fit of coughing in the evening, all his actions are as regular as the movements of a clock. He is nothing better than the model of a man, running down and wound up from sun to sun. If you touch a wood-louse, crawling over a piece of paper, it stops and feigns death ; just so, if a carriage rattles by when this man is speaking, he pauses until it has passed, as if he called in his powers, lest he should expend the smallest degree more than what is exactly necessary. He is foreeconomizing the vital movement, and concentrates every thought and feeling within the orbit of self. Sometimes the victims on whom he practises, talk aloud in his room, and get very high and angry ; and to that succeeds an unbroken quiet ; as in a kitchen, where the pitiless cook is not to be turned from her purpose by the noisy clatter of the duck, who suffers, and all is once more still.

Until seven o'clock in the evening, he is reserved and serious ; but about eight o'clock he unbends from his business-like gravity, and the man of notes becomes a very ordinary personage, and not to be distinguished in a crowd from any other man. The change seems a mystery more secret than the transmuting of gold ; for, indeed it is the transmuting of a heart of metal into one of flesh. Then he will sometimes rub his hands together, and has a mirthful style of his own, in a small way, with a cackling hollow laugh, that can be seen by his mouth being agape, but which can scarcely be heard. But in his gayest moments, his conversation is carried on in monosyllables, here a word and there a word, for assent or dissent.



He is my neighbor; that is to say, he occupies a part of the house where I lodge. The house is gloomy and damp; it has neither yard-room nor court, and the rooms are only lighted from the street. The building is distributed like a cloister, into rooms of equal dimensions, tier above tier, each with only one door, which opens on a long and common corridor or hall, lighted by loop-hole windows. So repulsive is the aspect of the house that it generally sobers down the sprightliest dandy before he reaches the landing-place of my fellow-lodger. Well do the house and he resemble each other; they are like the submarine rock and the oyster which clings to it. His whole life is clandestine. The sole being with whom he holds communion socially is myself. Sometimes he comes to my apartment to ask for a little fire, to borrow a book or a newspaper; and of evenings, I am the only one permitted to enter his den, or to whom he will speak of his own accord. These marks of his confidence are the fruits of seven years' neighborhood. If he has any relatives or friends, I am ignorant of them; neither have I ever seen a penny in his possession; but I know that he has an immense fortune in the vaults of the bank. But any how, he has sometimes been a martyr to his prudence; one day he chanced to have gold in his pocket, and a doubloon made its way out and fell on the stairs; a fellow-tenant, who was coming up at the same time, picked it up and handed it to him. "That does n't belong to me!" said he, with a gesture of repulse and surprise; "I never have gold—never have it about me, nor in my house."

He makes the coffee for his own breakfast in a small boiler in the jamb, from which black corner of the hearth the utensil never stirs. His dinner is brought him from a cook-shop. The old woman who attends to the door, at a fixed hour, regularly goes up stairs and arranges his room. Finally, by one of those chances, which Sterne would call predestination, my fellow lodger, who so much interests me, is named Gobsech.

If the social virtues are a religion, this man, thought I to myself, must be pronounced an Atheist recreant. To satisfy myself concerning the mystery of his nature and pleasures, I determined to study him more closely, *homo duplex*; the man and his mind. I like facts better than systems. Instead, therefore, of being discursive in theory, I shall be brief in narrative.

Last evening, I paid a visit to this curious mortal, who has made gold his all in all. I found him seated in his easy-chair, still and fixed as a statue, and his eyes riveted on the mantel-piece, where he seemed to be reading tables of discounts. A hand-lamp, smutty, smoky, with a foot that had once been lackered green, cast a dull red glare on his bloodless complexion. He lifted his eyes, but spoke not; however, as my chair was drawn out beside him, it was evident that I was expected and welcome.

"Does this being," said I to myself, "ever think? Believes he in a Deity, Creator and Preserver? Does he know what sensibility is? Is woman dear to him? Have emotions of pleasure ever fluttered or unfixed that rigid soul?" Thus did I pity him as an object, a sick man, or a cripple. Still I felt, that with a million in bank, he must luxuriate in a sense of power that was equal to possessing the whole world at a grasp.

"Good day, Gaffer Gobsech!" said I to him.

He turned his face towards me, and slightly drew together his bushy black eye-brows. This characteristic inflection was equivalent to the gayest smile of one of warmer temperament.

"You are as dull to-day," continued I, "as at the time when they told you of Foil, the bookseller. Have you had any bad draft to-day? this is the 31st, I think."

It was the first time I had ever spoken to him on money matters. He looked me full in the face; and with that soft, low-tuned voice, which does not ill resemble the irresolute breathings on the flute of a learner, he replied, "I was taking a little recreation."

"What! cried I, do you ever take recreation?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and gave me a look of pity and scorn.

"Do you think," said he, that "there are no persons of fancy and taste, except poets that print verses?"

Verses in such a head, thought I. He continued:

"There is none whose lot is more animated and soul-stirring than mine. Listen," said he; "by what I shall tell you of this morning's adventures you will be able to form an idea of my enjoyments."

He then rose and bolted the door, and drew before it an old tapestry curtain, the rusty rings of which grated on the rod. He seated himself beside me, and began thus:



"This morning I had only two bills to collect, because I had passed off all the others yesterday as cash to my customers. One of the notes was given me by a dashing young fellow, who rode in a tilbury. It was signed by one of the handsomest ladies in —— Square, the wife of a great landholder and speculator. It was drawn to pay—I don't know what debt; the amount was two hundred crowns. The other note was for the same sum, and drawn by a lady also; for it was signed Fanny ——. It came into my possession from a linen-draper. The drawer of one note lived in W—— Square, and the other in B—— Street. Could you but know the romantic conjectures that filled my mind, as I left my home this morning! what proud delights thrilled my bosom as I foresaw, that if these women were not ready, they would receive and treat me with as much respect as if I were their own father. What politeness Madame H—— would shower on me, for the sake of the two hundred crowns! she would stoop to address me with an affectionate air; she would speak to me in those soft and gentle tones which she reserves—perhaps for the endorser of the draft; she would lavish upon me words of endearment, fond expressions; entreat me even, and I——"

Here the old man, facing me, gave his countenance an expression freezingly obdurate and inexorable.

"And I," he resumed, "not to be moved, of course! There I am—like any avenger, like conscience, which is not to be put off! But let us have done with my reveries. By and by I reached the superb mansion of Madame H. A femme-de-chambre answered me that her ladyship was sleeping. 'Is her ladyship sick?' said I. 'No,' she replied, 'but she did not return from the ball last night until three o'clock.' 'My name is Gobsech,' said I; 'tell her my name—I shall be here at noon.'"

"When I reached B—— Street, I found at the number a house of mean appearance. I pushed open the crazy old gate, and saw one of those court-yards to which the sun never penetrates. The entrance was fairly black with age and neglect, and the window-panes, like a rusty fustian sleeve, listed with greasy stripes. I asked for Miss Fanny ——."

"She is out; but if you come about a draft, the money is here."

"I'll call again," said I; for when I found that the money was ready, I wanted to know a little more of the young lady: I had made up my mind that she was young. I passed the morning in looking at the engravings, displayed in the print-shops; and as twelve o'clock struck, I was just crossing the ante-chamber of the bedroom of Madame H.

"Her ladyship has but just rung," said the waiting-maid; "I do not think she can be seen."

"I shall wait," was my answer; and I sat down on a gilded sofa. The blind-doors had scarcely been more than opened, when the femme-de-chambre returned. "Will you walk in, sir." There was that in the words and the tone, which assured me, that I was hardly a welcome visiter."

"But what a magnificent woman met my sight! She had hastily thrown over her shoulders a cashmere shawl, the folds of which she gathered around her, with just that kind of ravishing grace or art, if you will, which made the beautiful proportions of her bust distinctly manifest. Her bed was a scene of picturesque disorder; and certainly her slumbers had been uneasy and agitated. The draperies were cast with most voluptuous and bewitching negligence; and her pillow lay in the midst of the Eyder-down quilt of blue silk, the splendid lair of a modern Venus. On the large bear-skin, spread beneath the carved mahogany lion's-claws of the bedstead, glittered two small slippers of white satin, thrown one here and one there, as weary feet will do, on returning from a ball. Over a chair lay a rumpled dress, the sleeves hanging on the floor. Spider-net stockings, such as the slightest breath of wind might carry away, were twisted about the leg of an easy-chair, as if flung there from the hand; and along a couch lay a pair of garters, artificial flowers, diamonds, gloves, a bouquet of roses, a belt, and a number of other paraphernalia of fashion, scattered confusedly about. There was a delicate, scarce perceptible odor of aromatics in the air, otto of roses and bergamot, or some such unction; a costly fan, half open, lay on the mantle-piece—the drawers of the bureau were open. This mingled luxury and carelessness, every thing rich and elegant, impressed the mind with a sense of discomfort in the midst of wealth. The lassitude, betrayed by the countenance



of her ladyship, was in keeping with the room thus strewn with the cast-off attire of the ball-room. Such unseasonable disorder excited my contempt; the same objects harmoniously assembled the evening previously, might have raised in me some emotion. They seemed to tell of a heart that was burning with a passion for pleasure, and a conscience blasted by dissipation; they were an index to a life of show, expense and frivolity; a tantalizing pursuit after unsubstantial pleasures. There was a flushed, unnatural warmth on the face of the lady, that set off the delicate whiteness of her skin, and a brown circle, the index of dissipation, lay around her dark eyes; but, nevertheless, these indications of folly did not lessen her beauty, such was the strength of health and nature that seemed glowing in her whole frame. Her eyes sparkled; she reminded me of an Herodias, by Leonardo da Vinci—for I have been a picture-broker once. She was full of life and energy; nothing meagre in the contour, or feeble or mean in the proportions of her person, scanting the sense of admiration. Her appearance inspired love; and yet there was a power developed in her brilliant and lofty consciousness of beauty, by no means akin to the fragility and softness that wins and wakes the tender passion. It was just the style to please me; and it was long since my heart had throbbed before; the value of the note was already paid; for I would give more than two hundred crowns for a sensation that recalls to memory the days of my youth.

"Sir," said she, as the servant handed me a chair, "will you have the kindness to allow me time?"

"Till to-morrow, at noon, your ladyship; I have not the right," said I, as I folded up the note, "to protest before the hour."

Then, I said within myself, pay for your luxury, pay for your rank, pay for your happiness, such as it is, pay for the monopoly you enjoy. For wretches without bread, there are courts, and judges, and prisons, and Egyptian tombs, and officers and executioners; but for you, who sleep on downy pillows, canopied with silk, let there be the pangs of regret, and the gnawings of disappointed hopes, and the gnashing of teeth hidden under a smile, and the cold clutch upon the heart of concealed anguish.

"A protest!" she exclaimed, "do you intend that?"

looking at me with a wild gaze ; “ will you have so little consideration for me ?”

“ If my father, or the king, your ladyship, were in my debt, and did not pay me, I would make him take the benefit of the law.”

At that instant there was a slight tap at the door of the room. “ I am not within,” imperiously exclaimed the young wife.

“ Emily, I wish very much to see you,” said a voice outside. “ Not at present my dear,” she replied, in a tone less harsh, but still peremptory.

“ O, you are only jesting, for you are speaking to a stranger,” answered the voice, and the door was suddenly thrust open by a man, who must have been her husband. The lady gave me a look. I understood it ; she had made herself my slave ; ha ! ha ! there was a time once, when I was stupid enough not to protest.

“ What is your business ?” said the Hon. Mr. H. to me.

I saw the lady shiver. The white and satin-like skin of her neck roughened. As for me, I laughed, without ever a muscle moving.

“ This person,” said she, “ is one of my tradesmen.”

“ The Honorable gentleman straightway turned his back upon me. But I drew the note half-way out of my pocket. At this pitiless motion, the young lady stepped near to me, and offered me a diamond. “ Take it,” she said, “ and begone.”

We exchanged the two values. I made her a bow, and retired. The diamond was fully worth two hundred and forty crowns. I passed, in going out, two superb chariots, which the grooms were cleaning, and footmen were brushing their liveries and polishing their boots. So, said I to myself, this is what brings these people to me, makes them steal, and rob thousands and millions in a decent way, or sell and betray their country. That they may not make the soles of their shoes dusty, they go over head and ears into the mire ! Just at that moment the great gate was thrown open, and the young man who gave me the note, passed through in his stylish tilbury. As soon as he descended, I went to him and said : “ Here, sir, are forty crowns, which I would thank you to hand to Madame H., and tell her that I shall keep at her disposal, for eight days, the pledge she left in my hand this morning.” He took the forty crowns, and a mocking smile



crossed his countenance, as if he would have said, "She has paid, has she; so much the better!" I read in that face, the desolation of Madame H.

I then went to B—— street, to Miss Fanny ——. I had to ascend a very narrow stair-case, and when I reached the fifth story, I was introduced into an apartment, newly fitted up, where every thing wore an air of wonderful neatness. I could not detect a trace of dust on the simple furniture of the chamber, where I was received by Miss Fanny ——. She was young, and city-bred; her head, youthful and elegant, with a becoming air of gentility and kindness; her well-combed chesnut hair was fastened in two bows on her temples, and shaded a pair of blue eyes, clear as crystal. She was dressed plain. The light falling through small white curtains, stretched across the window, threw a softened lustre over her angelic face. She was unfolding pieces of linen, and the cuttings of linen over the floor, showed what were her usual occupations. She looked the very personification of solitude. When I handed her the note, I told her, that she had not been at home when I called in the morning.

"But I left the money with the porter," said she.

I pretended not to hear her.

"You go out rather early, it seems," said I.

"I am away from home but rarely," replied she; "but working so late at night, I am sometimes obliged to go forth for my health."

"At a glance, I understood her history. The daughter, doubtless, of a family once rich, and obliged by adversity to labor for her subsistence. There was an indescribable air of virtue, of modesty, and of native nobleness in her mien. Every thing around her partook of that character. It seemed that I was set down in the midst of an atmosphere of sincerity and candor, and could breathe at my ease. I perceived in an alcove a simple couch of painted wood, surmounted by a crucifix, and that by a sprig of box-wood. I felt affected, and wanted to leave the money she had just handed me, and the diamond of Madame H. too. But then I thought the present might do her more harm than good, and every thing considered, I thought it best to keep both; and the more so, as the diamond is worth two hundred and fifty crowns, if sold to an actress or a bride; and then, as like as not, she too has some handsome fellow of a cousin, who would wear the diamond as

a breast-pin, and use up the two hundred and forty or fifty crowns in his own way. When you came in, I was just thinking what a good little wife Fanny —— would make for somebody. It will be a fortnight, too, before I shall get that Madame H. out of my head; and she has one foot, at least, over the brink of perdition.

“Well!” he cried, resuming the thread of his reflections, after a moment of deep silence, during which I had been watching his looks, “think you this is nothing to penetrate thus into the most secret folds of the human heart, and thus espouse the fortunes of others, and see their lives exposed like a nudity to your searching eye? It is a spectacle of multifarious shiftings; ghastly wounds, eating into life at the core; silent, but death-dealing sorrows; or scenes of love, or distresses over which the waves of the river, are waiting to close; or raptures of the youthful pulse, that will end in the gibbet or the prison; the insane laughter of despair; the sumptuous and noisy revel; a tragedy yesterday—a farce to-day. I have heard many boast of the power of forensic or sacred eloquence: I have listened to one at least of these vaunted orators—but he never moved me; yet often has it happened that a loving young girl, in the holy zeal of a plighted attachment; an aged merchant on the brink of a failure; a mother wishing to conceal the errors of a son; a laborer perishing with hunger, or a politician ruined by having too much or too little principle—have made my soul reel and shudder under the potency of their language. They were Nature’s sublime actors, and played for me alone. But I am not to be played upon. My eye is as keen as ubiquity! I read the very heart. Nothing is hidden from me. What do I lack? I have every thing that is wanted in this world and for this world. Nothing is refused or inaccessible to him who has the control of the purse-strings, if there be enough in the purse to deserve attention. Ministers and their consciences can be bought—there is power for you; accomplished and beautiful women—there’s pleasure and charms for you. In fact, every thing is on sale, and *money* can buy every thing. We are kings, without title, incognito, I grant you, but the kings of life; for what is existence without *money*? But while I have enjoyed every thing, I have become sated with every thing. There are fifty of us, such as I, in this city. A common interest is the tie between us; we meet every



week in a coffee-house, and form a sort of board of finance, where every mystery connected with exchange, the rise and fall of stocks, and interest and pawnbrokerage, is divulged and canvassed. There is no *show* of fortune that can blind us; we have a key to the secrets of every family, and keep a kind of black-book, in which we minute down the most important items concerning public credit, banks, and their cashiers and tellers, securities and trade. We analyze the most trifling actions and occurrences. Like me, also, the rest care for power and money, not so much to exercise as to possess them."

"Here," continued he, pointing around to his cold and narrow apartment, "here, the fiery lover, who is jealous of a word, and draws his sword for a speech—here he begs with folded hands; here begs the haughtiest merchant; here begs the beauty, vainest of the vain; here begs the fiercest bully, the most famous artist, the writer, whose name is pledged to posterity and renown; and here," added he, laying his hand on his forehead, "is the balance that weighs, not only in a few solitary cases, the things to come, but for every one, for all!"

"Do you still think, there are no recreations, no amusements to be enjoyed, under that blank and dingy mask, whose unalterable stillness has so often excited your surprise?" asked he, stretching his neck, like another *Trap-bois*, and advancing nearer to me his pallid countenance, which smelt of silver.

I returned to my room, stupified. In my fancy, the little, withered, spindly old man grew in dimensions, until he changed into a phantasma—an apparition of the spirit of gold incarnate. The perfidies of life, and of my fellow-men, weighed upon me with horror. Can it indeed be true, I mentally exclaimed, that every thing thus resolves itself into money, money, money?

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#### HOFFMAN'S VIGIL OF FAITH.\*

**I**T gives us pleasure to greet so honest and manly a writer as Mr. Hoffman. His descriptions of woodland

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\* *The Vigil of Faith, and Other Poems*, by C. F. Hoffman. New York: S. Colman, 1842. 18mo. pp. 84.

scenery, his sketches of Indian life and adventure, are among the best that have been written, though we believe this is a truth with which, to their loss, the public are by no means acquainted. If Mr. Hoffman has not with all his efforts, met with success, he has, like Cato, done more—he has deserved it. The mountain scenery of the head waters of the Hudson, he has made his own, in his genial and life-like descriptions. Welcome is he while he pursues the theme, and tells us so eloquent and poetic a tale as *The Vigil of Faith*.

Among the Adirondach Highlands, on an island in the Lake Inca-pah-chow, or Lindenmere, there dwelt a chieftain and his only daughter. The maid was not unvisited by love. Often would she, whether the night were fair or dark, cross to an opposite headland, to watch the camp-light of her returning lover, whom the morrow's sun would bring again to her arms. There is rivalry in love, and treachery in Indian life. In those hours of absence, a rival tribesman suggested doubt and suspicion; another maiden, he said, shared the vows and the spoils of the huntsman. She feared not, and believed not. The lover came, and the day of the bridal, and at eve the husband would bear her to his lodge, that they had prepared together in former days; when the foe appeared, and the life of the girl that detraction could not poison, nor fear wither, fell before his assassin knife. He slew the bride. And now came the sad slow hours of revenge. The bride had departed to the spirit-land, and happy he who first leaves this earth to join her there. It was an Indian superstition, and death to both the lovers would have been a welcome gift. Neither feared destruction. Life was the curse they bore about with them as a charmed spell. The husband guarded the life of his enemy as if it were his dearest treasure; he made him his serf, according to the Indian law, which changed the penalty of death to degradation. He hunted for him, he fed him, he watched over him, for the love of the dead maiden in the blessed isles of the Indian heaven, that she might walk and wander, and her steps never be crossed by the shade of her murderer. So solemnly was his existence bound to cherish his direst foe, and death and its dark bourne of punishment were mysteriously foreshadowed in life and on the earth. A wilder or a more beautiful legend we never met



with. Filled to overflowing must have been the heart of the old Indian, as every footstep of his life was directed by his spiritual bride in heaven—a strange love, that could turn hate into kindness, and make the happiest blessing, the direst revenge.

The true poetic plan for this incident should have been the pure, simple, nervous ballad, the words few, but every line filled with the love and fidelity of the maiden, and the strange, unearthly act and motive of the Indian. Mr. Hoffman has lost this opportunity for conciseness and energy, by casting the material into a familiar, colloquial tale, written mostly in the rapid, facile octo-syllabic stanzas. This is an error of judgment, and its effect is to weaken, with most readers, the full impression of the story. Coleridge, of all modern writers, would have told this the best, like his own *Ancient Mariner*, arresting the wedding guests to hear this solemn tale of Indian superstition, classic to the mind of the true poet, as any fiction of Death or Hades in all the Grecian mythology. The Greek mind would have brooded upon this till it came forth in a tragedy like that of *Philoctetes*, marked with the loftiest traits of passion, obedient to the inscrutable destiny.

Mr. Hoffman has told the story feelingly, tastefully, and we are so much indebted to him for his narrative, that we ought not to say even that it might have been written with more energy and passion.

We quote from the conclusion of the poem, stanzas that will leave on the reader a happy impression of Mr. Hoffman's style :

“ And thus as crowding seasons changed,  
When many a year was dead and gone,  
I 'mid these lakes in manhood ranged,  
Where yet in age I wander on,  
And still o'er that poor slave I've kept  
A vigil that hath never slept ;  
And while upon this earth I stay,  
From *her* I'll still *keep him away*—  
From her whom I at last shall see  
My own, my own eternally !

“ White man ! I say not that they lie  
Who preach a faith so dark and drear,  
That wedded hearts in yon cold sky  
Meet not as they were mated here.  
But scorning not thy faith, thou must,

Stranger, in mine have equal trust ;  
 The Red-man's faith by Him implanted,  
 Who souls to both our races granted.  
 Thou know'st in life we mingle not,  
 Death cannot change our different lot !  
 He who hath placed the white man's heaven  
 Where hymns in vapory clouds are chaunted,  
 To harps by angel fingers played ;  
 Not less on his Red children smiles,  
 To whom a land of souls is given,  
 Where in the ruddy west arrayed,  
 Brighten our blessed hunting isles.

" There souls again to youth are born,  
 A youth that knows no withering !  
 There, blithe and bland, the breeze of morn  
 Fresheneth an eternal Spring  
 'Mid trees, and flowers and waterfalls,  
 And fountains bubbling from the moss,  
 And leaves that quiver with delight,  
 As from their shade the warbler calls,  
 Or, choiring, glances to the light  
 On wings which never lose their gloss :  
 There brooks that bear their buds away,  
 From branches that will bend above them,  
 So closely they could not but love them,  
 To the same bowers again will stray  
 From which at first they murmuring sever,  
 Still floating back their blossoms to them,  
 Still with the same sweet music ever,  
 Returning yet once more to woo them :  
 There love, like bird and brook and blossom,  
 Is young forever in each bosom !

" Those blissful ISLANDS OF THE WEST !  
 I've seen myself, at sun-set time,  
 The golden lake in which they rest ;  
 Seen too the barques that bear The Blest  
 Floating towards that fadeless clime :  
 First dark, just as they leave our shore,  
 Their sides then brightening more and more,  
 Till in a flood of crimson light  
 They melted from my straining sight.  
 —And she, who climbed the storm-swept steep,  
 She who the foaming wave would dare,  
 So oft love's vigil here to keep—  
 Stranger, albeit thou think'st I doat,  
 I know—I know she watches there !  
 Watches upon that radiant strand,  
 Watches to see her lover's boat  
 Approach The Spirit-Land."

He ceased, and spoke no more that night,  
 Though oft, when chillier blew the blast,  
 I saw him moving in the light  
 The fire, that he was feeding, cast ;  
 While I, still wakeful, pondered o'er  
 His wondrous story more and more.  
 I thought, not wholly waste the mind  
 Where FAITH so deep a root could find,  
 FAITH which both love and life could save,  
 And keep the first, in age still fond,  
 Thus blossoming this side the grave  
 In steadfast trust of fruit beyond.



JOHN SMITH, A CONVICTED FELON, UPON THE  
COPYRIGHT.

*To Mr. C. Mathews, one of the Editors of Arcturus :*

SIR :—You have been sufficiently bold to attack two classes of society, in one single line of your speech, at the late dinner to an eminent author ; the one class, the respectable fraternity, who make a livelihood by filching the works of men, who are unprotected by the laws ; and the other, that great class of philosophers, who, diving down to the very recess of the nature of things, boldly, humanely, and practically investigate the title to property of all kinds, and when they see abuses, though sanctioned by bad laws, promptly rectify them. I would meet you in a fair argument, as it regards the first class. For I feel convinced from your narrow and illiberal remarks as it regards “theft,” (I call it *latrocinium*, and I got the word from as good a lawyer as you,) which invidious epithet you apply to the theory and practice of the latter class of enlightened men, that you would not be able to comprehend the reasoning on the general question. Is it possible, I ask in astonishment, that you are incapable of perceiving the great utility of stealing, in this particular ; how this equalizes men in that in which they most differ, namely, brains ; and have you dared to erect an aristocracy, aye, a paid and moneyed aristocracy, on the ruins of the republic of letters, so much vaunted ? You have dared to dispute the rights of modern Curls, and Lintots, and would fain

*Et patrio Harpyias insontes pellere regno.*

I scorn quotation marks—it is a dead man’s estate, and no executors I know of, and no copyright obtained in the Southern District of New York for that Latin.

I, sir, am a martyr to my system of philosophy. I date this, though alive, from the tombs, where I am losing my time—for taking a time-keeper. I took a watch on tick, and now a watch is kept on me, and hands have been put on me, and a guard chain, I suppose to keep me from running down or away, and the seals of a court, and

a double case, and I have been pinioned and double set in limestone jewels from Sing Sing, and the whitewashed walls are my verge, and this my compensation, for endeavoring to regulate society. My movements are stopped, and such as you would make a pendulum of me. Now I only took the watch on trial, and they will take me and put me on trial, and I shall figure on the minutes of the Court calendar, and the Sun and Stars record my error, when I would have told the time to any one who asked, if I could have been permitted to have had my own course; for I am a true watchman in the walls of the Tombs. But let me waive personal reflections; I watch for truth, and am ready even to die in her behalf.

The first proposition I shall contend for, is that the sole end of a virtuous man or author, is to benefit mankind. All men are our brethren; and for this end, the farmer must plant, reap and store—for his family of brothers;—true, his children may starve, but are their uncles and aunts not provided for? The artificer's children, in like manner, may be neglected, and himself be in want; but the uncles and aunts of the great human family are better lodged, clothed and taken care of, in consequence of his labors; and shall a paltry blotter of paper, who seldom has a wife or children, because the ladies generally look on him as a fool or madman, dare to ask this great family of brothers and sisters for pay, because they condescend to employ him to amuse a tedious hour. Ah, Mr. Mathews, you neglected this consideration; you shall not use the polishing-brush to my character, when the District Attorney daubs me with his legal blacking from Day or Martin's Reports; you must brush up your own wits first. But the author must live; he has not brains enough to dig, to beg he is ashamed; let him steal; let us all steal, and resolve society into its elements. What a state such a land would be, to furnish a study for an enlightened Political Economist! We would call it the land of Latrocinia,—there, production would be at its maximum; because it would be furnished at the minimum of price—for he who gets a thing for nothing, can sell it at next to nothing; all would live well, for all would secure what they could, and those philanthropic men, with nimble and apprehensive faculty as I am, would be the lords and rulers of the land, if there were any such.



But this your blindness does not perceive ; so let us return to the men of foolscap.

I always felt a kindness for authors, till I read your speech, because they are wont to steal or appropriate so much from each other. I have been delighted to see a fine idea taken from author by author—aye, descending from age to age ; and this without grant or descent, as other property is acquired, and that would give a new zest to the jest, force to the reasoning, and beauty to the simile ; it would be a testimony to the value of the thing, that it was thus stolen, and a proof of its literary worth. And this very custom makes laws, as you know, and I bring that of authors to defend that of booksellers ; if a poet shall be permitted to steal from the living and the dead, here a paragraph and there a thought ; why may not a bookseller steal a whole book ? But let me descend to narrower ground ; thought, like air and light, cannot be appropriated or made individual property ; the man who invents a good thing, or writes a good book, is under a moral obligation to make his fellow men happy in the enjoyment of it ; he loses nothing by it ; it is nothing ; and the only way I can justify your copyright laws is, that the authors of books give nothing, for which they receive something. It may be looked upon partly as an authorized *latrocinium* ; yet, at the same time, since it is secured by those unjust laws, that in all other matters so harshly prohibit the principle of giving nothing when you take something, the beauty and philosophy of it is entirely detracted from. The law makes here a fictitious value, and appends it to thought, which is incorporeal and not to be measured by our ordinary standards ; so that the author who pockets my sixpence for his brain's sweat (if I could condescend to barter) is in a very different position from the botcher up of an execrable play ; who defrauds the manager of a free night, or a free admission for a week ; for the latter steals the materials and gives his trash, that would not pay printing, and by slight extracts from his victim, at least six admissions to a show. I will descend to still more unphilosophic grounds. I will admit that stealing is a crime ; now the end of all law is ostensibly to prevent crime ; your copyright laws would go to make pirating and surreptitiously publishing an author's work a crime ; but if there was no law to

that effect, it would be no crime to take and publish without the author's permission. I call on you, then, as one who would prevent crime, to do so; and repeal as far as your efforts can go, all copyright laws, and then I defy any publisher to steal your books. They will belong entirely to you, just as a common piscary does, with the advantage of having all mankind equally interested with yourself therein, and ready to drive away all trespassers from your and their common property—if they dare approach. I have a personal feeling in this matter; let the authors be starved out, and a new increase of sharp witted men—equal with the aid of our school of common-stockastic philosophers to our enemies, the lawyers—will join the army of the reformers, and then the booksellers must suffer in their turn; the courts and lawyers overthrown, we shall, united, subdue, if you please, first the booksellers and publishers; then the dry goods merchants who furnish muslin binding, and the leather dealers, who furnish calf and sheep; the iron and lead mongers, who make presses and types; we shall press continually conscripts into the army, and finally change, like Napoleon, the face of society.

Need is the mother of invention—and we want to make you, authors, inventive—fame is the purest of impulses; we would render you disinterestedly pure in your aspirations. If you can find no praise for these efforts, no reason in our system, let me bid farewell to you as a stubborn, blind, and unphilosophic author; ignorant of the rights of publishers to take your labor, and your rights to seize books wherever you find them; deaf to the voice of Fame and Honor, that calls you to write for the good of your brethren, who will prize your disinterestedness in amusing them for nothing, and imagine that authors are like natural fools, who frisk and gambol from a natural compulsion, so they from genius; and above all, a despiser of that grand larceny principle, that makes Cæsars and Alexanders, and ——— Yours, JOHN SMITH,

*Of no place in particular, but at present in the rear of Centre st.*

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## EMERSON'S LECTURES ON THE TIMES.

WE have been favored, lately, by a course of Lectures on the Times, by Ralph Waldo Emerson. We are always ready to listen to Mr. Emerson; his boldness, ingenuity, and eloquence, all lend interest to his words. Mr. Emerson, deserting now his former more recondite themes, at least in name, comes to teach us the characteristics and prospects of this age and land: something of that which is common to all ages and all lands, must by necessity be introduced, and here Mr. Emerson is perhaps more at home than his audience, generally. Like all men of genius, Mr. Emerson is a sharp observer as well as profound thinker; it is not in trite phrases, such as are often used by what are called shrewd men and men of the world, that Mr. Emerson informs us that he is an observer of men and of manners; but it is by a sentence in which a forcible picture is drawn, and we see it comes from nature, and has been refined by art.

His course was certainly pleasantly enough laid out; we had the poet, the politician, the philosopher, the man of good society, and our prospects. We were pleased to witness with what pleasure the audiences listened; this reflected credit upon lecturer and hearers. Of this course the smoothest, most ingenious and sympathetic, was the one on Manners. Mr. Emerson claims a high source for that feeling which forms, and tends to form, the polished gentleman—in the saloons of fashion there is an undefined longing to see the true gentleman. When he comes, no matter what his station, he takes his rank at once. The looking-glass, and the tailor, the jeweller, and boot-maker, the barber and the valet, yield then, to native grandeur and gentleness in making up the gentleman. Even in the matter of foppishness, Mr. Emerson would partially be an apologist; he might call it the love of the beautiful slightly crazed. We must say that never has the most correctly common place and faultlessly elegant of lecturers let us more lightly and pleasantly off of an evening, than did Mr. Emerson on the night of his lecture on Manners. Although he did not, like them, delude us with the idea we were listening to some-

thing, when after all it was but a gentle sound — nothing more—inviting a calm state leading to slumber. We have no doubt that the most inveterate hater of fops went home from that lecture with more charity, and less prejudice for that class and a more lofty idea and respect for the sources of this unchangable Almacks, that in all lands is present, and lifts its shadowy head to equal power on a hundred thrones.

The lecture on the poet helped to vindicate for our lecturer himself the style and wreath of poetry. Where he described the poet as even superior to nature, because the highest manifestation of her power and shadowing her future and past, and his voice descended into his low notes, and seemed like a wind in a ruined abbey, pregnant with mystery, the effect was like lightning. All men were brethren to the poet; he comprehended, loved, described, and taught them all. Every one, as Mr. Emerson gave the description of the poet, considered the speaker as what he himself described—such was the power of his eloquence. Imagery was brought from all things, from the stars to slender moss, and startled us by its very unexpectedness. The reasoning itself was imagery—a spoken picture. Every man that would describe the poet, whether from a feeling that is to him the beau ideal of all excellence, tinges the canvass with his own peculiarities, all he approves in himself of heroic intellect, that portion of the mind that makes and braves this, he would call the poet's inward life. And thus, in the description of Mr. Emerson's poet, we get at some of the attributes of the man—the poet with him is full of sympathy—full of expectation and wonder; he is the exponent of the spirit of the age, and, alas, like philosophy, poetry, and religion, with our lecturer, have their periods of youth, strength, decrepitude, and death. That was a sad word, when Mr. Emerson, telling us that the words of the poet gave a language, a philosophy, a system of fine arts to his fellows, added “at least for a thousand years.”—If for a thousand years, why not for ever?—or does truth fail and the race change? Does that divine harmony, which Mr. Emerson says is the robe and breath of poetry, its bodily and sensual vehicle, does that become ever like “sweet bells jingled,” or is it not an enduring harmony, and are not all ears in all ages therewith delighted?



There was one thing that we cannot approve, though embellished with all the flowers of persuasion. The beauty and grandeur of this world fill us with wonder, and never ceasing music distills from them. We wonder at the creature that can apprehend such glories. But in the midst of all these admirable works, what despair assails us, if these be all that exist—these and their like, every thing—if no beneficent eye looks down upon my toil and my aspirations, and inspires me to greater, and watches over my existence—these gaping elements, this voracious earth, surround me, and when engulfed in that universe, and lost in what is to me infinitude, what avails the boast that I share with my devourers the prerogative of Deity. Vain and despairing boast—if the dead rise not, save to furnish sod above the grave, and flowers to cover the buried head, and every mound is a cenotaph—I am like one far from land, struggling amidst Atlantic billows, no effectual assistance near, we both perish :

“But I amidst a darker sea,  
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.”

Why does Mr. Emerson cry for a new Reformer, who shall correct the evil and conserve the good? Where has the history of nineteen centuries gone—and has the good news of one Reformer, able in his wisdom to save us all the evils, more especially from that which in the Pantheist's creed, gives death as the reward of pride? Where is that law escaped the mind, the great Reformer gave us? and how with reason and history uniting their testimony, can we look for another Reformer?

God has not allowed this great world of Thought and pious Hope to float about for eighteen centuries, without anchor, without a steadfastness and surety, somewhere, where its longings may be fixed. The disquietude of philosophers like Mr. Emerson, is a sure testimony to the one only True Faith.

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## SONNETS.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

ON A MEDALLION OF A CENTAUR FLEEING WITH A BRIDE OF THE LAPITHÆ.

WITH springing hoof, that would the earth disdain,  
Broad, swelling chest, and limb with motion rife ;  
Hot from Lapithæan banquet and the strife,  
Fleetly he bounds along Thessalia's plain.  
And on his back,—in rude embrace entwined,—  
A captive bride he bears :—her traitorous veil  
Reveals her brow, as Juno's roses pale,  
And floats like scarf of Iris on the wind.  
All vainly struggling 'gainst that bold caress,  
Her outstretched hand essays the air to grasp ;  
But firm the captor holds his iron clasp,  
And strives, with ruthless lip, her lip to press.  
Such power hath vice to sway the feeble soul,  
And bear it on in measureless control.

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## HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

Stretched on the enervating couch of ease,  
No more he pants for deeds of high emprise ;  
For pleasure holds, in soft voluptuous ties  
Enchained, great Jove-descended Hercules.  
The hand that bound the Erymanthian boar—  
Hesperia's dragon slew, with bold intent—  
That from his quivering side, in triumph rent  
The skin the Cleonæan lion wore,  
Holds forth the goblet—while the Lydian queen,  
Robed like a nymph—her brow enwreathed with vine—  
Lifts high the amphora, brimm'd with rosy wine,  
And pours the draught the crownéd cup within.  
And thus the soul, abased to sensual sway,  
Its worth forsakes—its might foregoes for aye.



## THE CITY ARTICLE.

## THE CASE OF THE CREOLE.

THE very grave controversy between the United States and Great Britain, in the case of the *Creole*, has suddenly been brought to an unexpected and threatening crisis. Our Government has instructed its Minister at London to demand indemnity for the property, slaves, lost by the American owners at New Providence, a British colony, by means of the unwarrantable interference of British authorities and subjects.

This case has two controlling aspects. First, as between the General Government and its citizens, whose property has been destroyed; and secondly, as between that Government and Great Britain. We shall undertake to prove that our Government was bound to its citizens, whose property had been destroyed, to demand indemnity for the injury, and that there is no legal ground on which Great Britain can justify a refusal to comply with such demand.

The facts of the case are very clearly stated in the despatch of the Secretary of State to our Minister at London:

“It appears that the brig ‘*Creole*,’ of Richmond, Virginia, Insor, master, bound to New Orleans, sailed from Hampton Roads on the 27th of October last, with a cargo of merchandize, principally tobacco, and slaves, (about 135 in number;) that on the evening of the 7th of November, some of the slaves rose upon the crew of the vessel, murdered a passenger named Hewell, who owned some of the negroes, wounded the captain dangerously, and the first mate and two of the crew severely; that the slaves soon obtained complete possession of the brig, which, under their direction, was taken into the port of Nassau, in the island of New Providence, where she arrived on the morning of the 9th of the same month; that at the request of the American Consul in that place, the Governor ordered a guard on board to prevent the escape of the mutineers, and with a view to an investigation of the circumstances of the case; that such investigation was accordingly made by two British magistrates, and that an examination also took place by the Consul; that

on the report of the magistrates, nineteen of the slaves were imprisoned by the local authorities as having been concerned in the mutiny and murder, and their surrender to the Consul, to be sent to the United States for trial for these crimes, was refused, on the ground that the Governor wished first to communicate with the Government in England on the subject; that through the interference of the colonial authorities, and even before the military guard was removed, the greater number of the remaining slaves were liberated, and encouraged to go beyond the power of the master of the vessel, or the American Consul, by proceedings which neither of them could control. This is the substance of the case, as stated in two protests, one made at Nassau and one at New Orleans, and the Consul's letters, together with sundry depositions taken by him."

It will thus be seen that an American vessel, navigated by an American crew, with a lawful cargo on board, and while engaged in the prosecution of a lawful voyage between two American ports, was carried by mutineers into a British port; and that the authorities and other British subjects at that port, by active interference, prevented the crew of such vessel, and the owners of her cargo, with such aid as could have been procured from American citizens and our Consul there, from proceeding with her cargo to the American port to which she was destined.

What are our rights as to the slaves engaged in the mutiny and murder on board of the *Creole*? It is assumed on the part of England, that they cannot be surrendered as fugitives from justice, first, because one nation is not bound, by the laws of nations, to surrender fugitives from justice on the requisition of another; and secondly, that, even if bound, there was no act of Parliament providing the mode in which such duty should be performed.

The last is truly a most extraordinary reason. Our answer to it is, that whenever a duty is imposed upon a nation, whether by treaty or the laws of nations, she cannot excuse herself from its performance by saying that she has neglected to make provision for the discharge of her obligations; for that would be to allow her to take advantage of her own wrong.

But the first reason presents a more serious difficulty. A positive assertion or denial of the general doctrine im-



plied in this reason, seems alike unwarranted. The most that can be said, is, that the point is involved in doubt. It is a question of public law on which the publicists differ; but a majority of the most authoritative writers maintain the right. Vattel, Grotius, Rutherford and Burlamiqui maintain it,—while Puffendorf and Martens controvert it; Puffendorf, however, so feebly, that so profound a Jurist as Judge Story has not been able to find the passage in his work in which the refusal to surrender is approved. The common law writers are more equally divided.

But whatever the general rule may be, it does not seem to apply to the peculiar circumstances of this case, assuming the slaves imprisoned by the British authorities to be guilty of the crimes of mutiny and murder. The fact by which this case is distinguished, is, that the criminals had *not escaped*; that they were still on board of an American vessel, and within our control, with such aid as could have been afforded by the American Consul and citizens at New Providence; and that the Governor had, at the request of the captain, ordered a guard on board the Creole, to prevent their escape; and finally, that they could have been brought home for trial, but for the active interference of British authorities, by which we were dispossessed of all physical control over them, and through which, if at all, they have escaped. We claim that the mere circumstance of our being, involuntarily, within British jurisdiction, did not, under the laws of nations, deprive us of the right to *keep possession* of these criminals, and to carry them to a jurisdiction competent to try them. We will illustrate this by cases easily supposable. Suppose that nineteen white men had committed a murder in the port of Virginia; that (under some law of this country) the magistrates of that port had despatched them on board of the Creole, to be carried to New Orleans for trial, and that the vessel had been driven, by stress of weather, into New Providence; could the British authorities at that port strike off their fetters and enable them to escape, and then tell us that the laws of nations do not give us the right to require their surrender as fugitives from justice? And wherein does the case supposed differ from that under consideration? Does the fact of a black complexion distinguish the cases? Or the fact that the act of murder was committed on water instead of land? Or

the fact that the felons were slaves instead of free men? Whether the act was a crime or not, depends upon the law of the place where it was committed? If the act had been committed in the port of Virginia, it will be conceded to have been felonious? Why? Because the law of the place made it so. What is the law of the place on board of an American vessel on the high seas? Is the place beyond the pale of any law? Or does the law of England apply? Or is an American deck a portion of the American territory, and within the jurisdiction of the American law? If one of the Creole's crew had killed her captain, would it not have been murder? If a sailor had killed a slave, would it not have been murder? If, without any general mutiny, a slave, in a fit of passion, had killed a passenger, would it not have been murder? These questions can only be answered in the affirmative. All were within the protection of our laws; all were bound to obey them; all were liable to be punished for their infraction, and they could have been tried and punished in this country, and nowhere else. And the American law, which stretched its protecting arm across the seas upon the deck of the Creole, made it equally an act of murder for a slave to kill a white man, as for a white man to kill a slave. Now if a single white man or a single slave had been killed in a brawl, the murderer put in chains, and the Creole driven, by stress of weather or by pirates, into New Providence, could the local law have set the prisoner free, on the ground that no offence had been committed against the British laws, and that the authorities were neither bound nor authorized to surrender fugitives from justice? If the homicide on board the Creole had been committed by a portion of her crew who had mutinied, and they had been put in chains, and the vessel had been driven into Nassau, could the British Government have justified any interference which would have prevented our Consul and other Americans at that port from peaceably aiding the vessel in the prosecution of her voyage, and taking the mutineers within her jurisdiction? It is conceived that they could not.

In principle, the actual and the hypothetical case cannot be distinguished; and yet, after the British authorities forcibly took these men from us, and cast them into prison as admitted criminals, we are gravely told by one of the



“noble and learned lords” of the British Parliament, that “all Westminster Hall” are agreed, that these criminals cannot be surrendered for trial to the country whose laws they had outraged.

But waiving, for the present, our right to the possession of the mutineers for trial, we will consider the question of indemnity to the American owner for the loss of his property, and the duty of the government in the present aspect of the case. It is conceded, that property of American citizens is irrecoverably lost, and lost by the acts of British authorities and subjects, if slaves are property.

Are slaves, and were the slaves on board the *Creole*, property? This is purely a question of law, and not of abstract morality. What is the legal idea of property, and are slaves comprehended in that legal idea?

Any thing which a man has a legal right to buy, sell, transfer, inherit, and use, is property. But a man has a legal right to buy, sell, transfer, inherit, and use, a slave. Therefore a slave is property. The syllogism is perfect; the conclusion logically drawn from an undeniable major and minor.

A slave need not be a horse, to be property. Property assumes a vast variety of forms. Sometimes it is absolute over a thing, giving the owner a right to its total destruction. Sometimes it is qualified, giving the right to use but not to destroy it. The labor of an apprentice, and of a man's children, is property, in which there are vested legal rights. If the apprentice is enticed away, or the child debauched, so that his labor is lost, the law affords an adequate remedy in damages for loss of services.

It is enough for all the purposes of this argument to say, that the owners had certain vested and valuable rights in these slaves, the right to their labor for some greater or less period, as slaves or apprentices, or in some other character or relation sanctioned by our laws, and that these rights have been lost by British interference. The laws of Virginia, the State from which the *Creole* sailed, and the laws of Louisiana, the State to which she was bound, allowed these rights to be bought, sold, transferred, and inherited, precisely like any other property, and such laws are recognised by this Union as valid and binding in all places where the Federal Constitution is in force: if on land, there; if on the ocean, there also.

But it is said, that even if these slaves were property under our laws, they were not so by the laws of England, because, recently, slavery has been totally abolished in the British Dominions. We think, and hope to prove, that this "because" is a very palpable *non sequitur*. We mean to show what the English doctrine, solemnly and repeatedly adjudged in her highest tribunals, and by one of the profoundest jurists who ever adorned her judicial history, has been as to *property* in slaves, under the laws of nations; and then to inquire whether England, by an Act of Parliament, abolishing slavery in her own dominions and as to her own subjects, can annihilate rights adjudged by her own Courts to be held not by virtue of her own laws, but under the code of nations.

In 1810, the *Fortuna* was captured by his Majesty's ship *Melampus*, and carried into Plymouth for condemnation. Sir William Scott, in pronouncing judgment, says, that the slave trade "is a trade which this country (England) *since its own abandonment of it*, has deemed repugnant to the law of nations, to justice and humanity, though *without presuming so to consider and treat it, where it occurs in the practice of the subjects of a State which continues to tolerate and protect it by its own municipal regulations.*" (1 Dodson's Cases, 85.)

In 1813, the *Diana*, sailing under Swedish colors, on the coast of Africa, was captured with a cargo of slaves, by his Majesty's ship *Crocodile*, and carried into Sierra Leone, and the vessel *and the slaves* condemned *as prize*. From this condemnation, an appeal was taken to the English Admiralty, where the sentence was reversed, and the vessel and slave property restored. (1 Dodson's Cases, 95.) In pronouncing judgment, Sir Wm. Scott recognizes, in the broadest terms, this species of property, under the laws of nations—"This court is disposed to go as far in discountenancing this odious traffic as the law of nations and the principles recognized by English tribunals will warrant it in doing; but beyond these principles it does not feel itself at liberty to travel: it cannot proceed on a sweeping anathema of this kind against *property* belonging to the subjects of foreign independent States." [What, it may be asked, were the slaves on board the *Creole*, but "*property* belonging to the subjects of foreign independent States?"] He then says that the



Court will “*refuse restitution of the property,*” where the trade is prohibited by the municipal laws of the country to which the slave trader belongs; but on the other hand, the Courts of the laws of nations “*will respect the property of persons engaged in it under the sanction of the laws of their own country.*” The Lords of Appeal did not mean to set themselves up as legislators for the whole world, or presume in any manner to interfere with the commercial regulations of other States, or to lay down general principles that were to overthrow their legislative provisions with respect to the conduct of their own subjects. It is highly fit that the Judge of the court below should be corrected in the view which he has taken of this matter, since the doctrine laid down by him in this sentence is inconsistent with the peace of this country and the rights of other States.”

In 1816, the *Le Louis*, a French vessel, engaged in the slave trade, was captured on the coast of Africa by his Majesty’s cutter *Queen Charlotte*, carried into Sierra Leone, after a desperate resistance, in which eight of the Cutter’s crew were killed, and condemned *as prize*. An appeal was taken to the English Admiralty, and the sentence reversed. In this case, in delivering judgment, Sir William Scott lays it down, that the slave trade is not piracy, nor in violation of the laws of nations, but had been followed for a very long period and recognized as lawful, by all the civilized nations of the world. The capture was attempted to be justified under the Slave Trade Act, 51. Geo. III.; to which Sir W. Scott answered, “neither this British act of parliament, nor any commission founded on it, can affect any right or interest of foreigners, unless they are founded upon principles and impose regulations that are consistent with the law of nations. *That is the only law which Great Britain can apply to them*; and the generality of any terms employed in an act of parliament must be narrowed in construction by a religious adherence thereto. It is pressed as a difficulty, what is to be done if a French ship *laden with slaves* for a French port, is brought in? I answer, without hesitation, restore the possession which has been unlawfully divested.” (2 Dodson’s Cases, 238, 255, etc.)

In 1803, the Dutch settlement at Demerara surrendered to his Majesty’s sea and land forces. One hundred and

ninety-nine slaves were taken, and in 1813, the captors prayed that the slaves might be condemned as prize. Sir W. Scott adjudged them to be prize—He says, “the first question is, whether slaves are at all given to the captors by the Prize Act, i. e., whether they pass by the words, ‘*stores of war, goods, merchandise or treasure*,’ which, by the third section of the statute, are to be deemed prize, and to be apportioned by his Majesty between the army and navy, when acting in conjunction. Now, the fact is, that slaves have generally been considered as *personal property*. The word *mancipia*, as it has been well observed, signifies *quæ manu capiuntur*—this is unquestionably the meaning of the word according to the civil law. In our West India colonies, where slavery is continued, and is likely to continue longer than in any of the countries of Europe, slaves have been for some purposes considered as *real property*; but I apprehend that when the contrary is not shown, the general character and description of them is, that they are *personal property*, and I see no reason in the present case for saying that they are not within the general rule, and consequently that they are not to be considered ‘goods or merchandise.’ They are liable to be transferred by purchase and sale, and although the owner may choose to employ them on his own works, instead of transferring them for a valuable consideration, they are not, I apprehend, the less ‘goods and merchandise’ on that account. The very same observation applies to all *other cases of personal property*, for all such property, if saleable, is merchandise.” (1 Dodson, 264.)

And thus, 199 slaves were turned over to the captors, to be held or sold in slavery. It is submitted, that a little modesty may be a becoming grace in a nation which has kidnapped, and held, and sold more slaves, than any other civilized nation in the world, or, at least, in modern times.

The case of the *Amistad*, adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States as a Court of the laws of nations, also decides that slaves are property. Judge Story, in delivering the opinion of the Court, says, “The main controversy is, whether these negroes are the *property* of Ruiz and Montez, and ought to be delivered up,” under the treaty with Spain. “The ninth article provides, ‘that all ships and *merchandise*, of what nature soever,



which shall be rescued out of the hands of any pirates or robbers, on the high seas, shall be brought into some port of either State, and shall be delivered to the custody of the officers of that port, in order to be taken care of and restored entire to the true proprietor, as soon as due and sufficient proof shall be made concerning the property thereof. This is the article on which the main reliance is placed, on behalf of the United States, for the restitution of these negroes. To bring the case within the article, it is essential to establish, First, That these negroes, under all circumstances, fall within the description of *merchandise*, in the sense of the treaty." "If these negroes were, at the time, lawfully held as slaves under the laws of Spain, and recognised by those laws as *property* capable of being lawfully bought and sold; we see no reason why they may not justly be deemed within the intent of the treaty, to be included under the denomination of merchandise, and, as such, ought to be restored to the claimants: for, upon that point, the laws of Spain would seem to furnish the proper rule of interpretation." Judge Story then says, that these negroes never were lawful slaves; that they were kidnapped from Africa, and were entitled to their freedom; and, in conclusion of what he deems the main point in the case, says, "This posture of the facts would seem, of itself, to put an end to the whole inquiry upon the merits." Attempts have been industriously made to mislead the public mind as to the nature of the Amistad decision. It will be seen that that case does not decide slavery to be unlawful in the abstract; or that the Amistad negroes became free by getting into a state where slavery does not exist; but, that these negroes were not "merchandise," merely because they had never been slaves; and that never having been slaves, in resisting unto death the attempt to kidnap them, they were not guilty of any act of piracy.

An attempt is made to distinguish the Creole case from the prize cases in which the English Courts of the laws of nations, have decreed the restoration to slavery of persons brought by British cruizers upon the 'sacred soil of Britain.' It is said that in those cases the slaves were forcibly brought in by British subjects—whereas, in this case, Great Britain has not been guilty of any wrong in bring-

ing the slaves into her territory. But the question is, Will the English Courts recognise slaves as *property*? and not, how can the title to that property be divested. The English cases we have cited show, conclusively, that the question whether slaves are or are not property, has always been decided without reference to the laws of the place where they were carried in, or where the Court pronounced judgment; and our Courts have followed them in holding slaves to be or not to be property, according as the title was allowed or disallowed by the laws of the nation to which the owner belonged, upon whose soil or decks they were found.

We have shown what the English doctrine on this subject has uniformly been. It is not, it never was, that man cannot be the subject of property. On the contrary, England has, for centuries, allowed slavery, as a domestic institution, in her dominions, and afforded countenance and protection to the slave trade. The slave trade was abolished years ago; but domestic slavery, in which the slave was as much recognised as property as a horse now is, was but recently abolished. England, then, does not deny that a slave is American property, but simply declares that that species of property shall no longer exist in her dominions. She simply says that slavery shall no longer exist as a *domestic institution in England*. This she may rightfully say,—but she cannot, so long as the laws of nations retain their authority, say that slavery shall not be a domestic institution of this or any other country. She can abolish slavery as it existed in England, but not as it exists in America. She may change her policy and abolish her laws, but she cannot interfere with our policy, or abolish the laws of nations.

Is it not, therefore, a fact too manifest to admit of a difference of opinion, that if A was a slave in America before the total abolition of slavery in England, he is equally a slave here after that total abolition? And is it not equally manifest, that if before such total abolition, Great Britain would have been prevented, by the law of nations, from denying an American owner's *right of property* in a cargo of slaves driven into her port by stress of weather, she is equally restrained, since that abolition, from denying the right of property under like circumstances. This conclusion is inevitable, unless it can be said, with truth, that



the domestic legislation of England can annihilate rights which we are admitted by her to have held, and which it is insisted we still enjoy, under the laws of nations? And if England, by act of Parliament, can annihilate one right recognised by the laws of nations, she can, by the omnipotence of Parliament, in like manner, annihilate any and every other right guaranteed to us by that great code of public laws, by which the individual equality and independence of nations is maintained, and the peace of the world preserved.

We shall undertake, in a subsequent article, to show that the circumstances under which this slave property was carried into Nassau, made it the duty of Great Britain, under the laws of nations, if not to give succor to the persons lawfully in possession of the Creole, at least to suffer the vessel and her cargo to be peaceably carried out of her territory; and that her refusal so to allow them to depart, makes a clear case of right to indemnity.

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## THE FINE ARTS.

### PARK THEATRE.

AFTER a month's interregnum, and the festivities to Mr. Dickens, the Park Theatre re-opened with *Nina Sforza*, to which was soon added a melo-dramatic version of *Charles O'Malley*, which we have not seen, and a farce by Mr. Park Benjamin, entitled *The Fiscal Agent*, in which Placide worked himself manfully through a most meagre part. Colley Cibber's play of *She Would and She Would Not*, which we were surprised to see a leading journal attribute to Congreve, has been revived, as well as *The Rivals*, and *The School for Scandal*, with the old dresses, with Placide's excellent Sir Peter Teazle, and his very indifferent Bob Acres, whom he makes a grown up version of Squire Richard. He should take Sir Anthony Absolute, a character that he does play admirably.

By the last theatrical news from London, we see the author of *London Assurance* has produced a new comedy, "*The Irish Heiress*," at Covent Garden, which has been severely condemned by the best critics, for its want of nature and character. There is nothing said in it worth saying, and as if the writer felt it: These

are defects visible enough in *London Assurance*, and we pointed them out at the time. This second performance is a melancholy confirmation of the errors, unrelieved by the gaiety and animal spirits, say the *Examiner* and *Spectator*, of the author's much overrated first production.

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MISS CUSHMAN'S THEATRE.

It is proposed to erect a Theatre for MISS CUSHMAN, as soon as enough stock is subscribed for to warrant the undertaking.

With the plan and objects of this undertaking, as far as we are informed, we are most favorably impressed. The lessee is a woman of marked talent and energy, and can scarcely fail, with the support that will naturally gather around her, in accomplishing the objects she has in view. One of these is the abandonment, in a great measure, of the star-system, as a system; and the reliance, instead, on a permanent, well-drilled stock company. This we approve of. The next, the encouragement of a national and characteristic drama, we need scarcely say—after what has appeared in these pages—carries our heartiest and most earnest sympathies along with it. The purification of the Theatre, as the scene of rational and refined enjoyment—another of its objects—can have antagonists in no respectable quarter.

Another benefit to be achieved by the new enterprise, is scarcely less important than any of these: the welfare and encouragement of actors as a body of professional artists; furnishing them a field of labor, where their true ambition will be stimulated; their hopes sustained; their best interests systematically and studiously consulted.

These are noble objects: if the lessee be true to the spirit of them—as we have good cause, in all her past life, to think she will—she will find in this *Journal* a true, kind and considerate friend and supporter. The dawn we have so long watched for, is, we trust, fast approaching; and that the rosy-fingered goddess who has volunteered to open the portals upon us, takes the guise of MISS CUSHMAN, by no means shakes our belief that a fair and prosperous day for the drama is close at hand.



## STOUT'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

SINCE we last wrote upon this subject, the petition of Washington Irving and others has been presented to the Board of Aldermen, and by them referred to a Committee, who have reported in its favor. They recommend, that ten thousand dollars be appropriated for the model by the artist. We trust the undertaking is now safe, and that we may congratulate Mr. Stout and his friends, who have been active in his cause. The report is full and satisfactory, and appeals to practical considerations, and others more remote, that are not often enough regarded by men in office. The following passage contains the moral argument for such a work: "The city needs public ornaments that shall be the property of the citizens, in which the poorest may feel that he has his own right, and look with pride to his own work of art. It has been the practice of all States, and especially of all Republics, to cherish such works, that the people may be the more endeared to their form of government, and be always mindful of their true national benefactors—such works are 'the cheap defence of nations;' they speak vividly to the eye and the mind—a statue tells but one story—it has no false readings or perversions—it cannot lie—it speaks only of honor and true glory. It is believed by your committee that this work would prove one of the best guardians of the city. It was the saying of one who spoke wisely of human nature, of a fine and beautiful picture, that no mean action could be done in its presence. Something of this moral influence would be disseminated by a statue of Washington—presenting to us the greatness and aspect of virtue he wore when living—a countenance that repelled every thing that was base or ignoble."

We hope our readers, at a distance, may soon share with us in our enthusiasm for this work, for we have in preparation for Arc-turus, an engraving, from the bust, after a drawing by the artist himself. It is a head universally recognised to be the noblest of Washington that has yet appeared.

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 THE APOLLO ASSOCIATION.

THIS Institution has recently suffered an important change in its management. In future, the public Exhibitions of Pictures are to be relinquished, and the whole proceeds of the subscriptions to be devoted to the annual engraving, and the purchase of pictures to be distributed among the members. The society

draws a large portion of its support from subscribers out of the city, and of course could not bring all its energies to bear upon the Exhibitions. Such subscribers received no benefit from the Gallery. The New Yorkers, who should not have been insensible of the value of the Exhibitions (which have generally been conducted with good taste and energy, according to the means of the Institution) have neglected them, so that since the formation of the Association, four thousand five hundred dollars have been expended over and above the amount received for admission tickets. In the face of such a fact, the Association was right in the change of its plan, though we regret the loss of the Exhibitions as a means of refinement to the city. In better days we hope the society may return to them.

The Report for the year 1841, shows the receipts to have been about five thousand dollars, of which six hundred and seventeen were expended for the Engraving, and one thousand and fifty nine for Paintings distributed by lot—some fifteen hundred for the Exhibitions, which returned about five hundred: the rest are incidental charges. It will thus be seen that for the next year, with the same encouragement, the amount paid to artists may be doubled by the withdrawal of the Exhibitions.

The Engraving distributed to the members is a Mezzotint by Sartain, after a painting by Comegys, *The Artist's Dream*. The student sleeps in his study, which is thronged with the figures of the great painters of the past. A melancholy interest attaches to the painting, for it is the work of one who is now visited by the wilder and distempered visions of madness. The promise of the next engraving awakens high expectations. It will be from Vanderlyn's painting of "*Caius Marius on the Ruins of Carthage*," a noble subject, that deserves to be most carefully executed.

The Committee of Management have also offered five hundred dollars for the best original picture, to be engraved for the year 1843.

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## THE LOITERER.

### DEWEY'S DISCOURSES ON HUMAN LIFE.

David Felt & Co., 245 Pearl street, have just published a new volume of sermons by Orville Dewey. They are dedicated to his congregation, and the dedication is dated on the eve of the author's recent departure for Europe for a residence of two years. And a



most appropriate parting gift do they form—an honest record of the toils of mind, the experience and observation of passion, the unshrinking glance at evil, the calm contemplation of goodness and beauty, the ever sincere and truthful witness to the worth of religion and virtue, of an eloquent divine; of one learned in the knowledge of feeling, by a sympathy with humanity rather than the skill of books; of one who bears amidst the cares and distractions of the city an ever present consciousness of the high value of life and its relations; who suffers neither foppery nor crime, the extremes of levity and hard reality, to divert his mind from a standard of goodness torn, trampled upon, and defaced, but still rising and fluttering among the motley crowd. Dewey is truly a humane preacher, for he has made man his study, as the botanist studies plants, or the geologist his strata, and his speculative knowledge has taught him charity and a wise liberality—not the mock liberality of the day, which confounds goodness and evil, but the liberality which the man who observes character soon learns—which distinguishes so far as human wisdom can, the “soul of goodness in things evil.” Dewey is a disciple of Channing, but in some things the disciple has surpassed his master. Dewey lives nearer the common life of men, looks not to the future or with the eye of a politician upon national interests, but to the individual and the fireside. He is full of inquiries and suggestions for the welfare of daily life; he would amend men, not only by the inculcation of high principles, but by the promotion of ordinary home comforts, by teaching the courtesies, the delicacies of life, as well as its grand duties. He would ameliorate the world, not reform it, and in our view he is right: the old institutions of society, of home and kindred, the school and church, the meeting of friends, and the associations of business, are all admirable, if we only live up to their spirit. A portion of the fine eulogy of Lucretius upon his master, Epicurus, might be given to Dewey—*illustrans commoda vitæ*. For this he toils, and would make men better by making them happier, and goodness should be his guide to pleasure.

The topics of Dewey's discourses illustrate the high praise we have bestowed upon him as a moralist. “On the Moral Significance of Life,” “Life considered as an Argument for Faith and Virtue,” “Religion considered as the great Sentiment of Life,” “On the Call of Humanity, and the Answer to it.” These subjects are handled with weight and dignity, and though they bear witness of the spoken style in frequent pauses and connecting passages, they have in parts no little literary merit. Witness the closeness and vigor of the following passage from the first discourse: “But now let us turn to an opposite scene of life. I mean pleasure and dissipation. Is this all mere frivolity—a scene

that suggests no meaning beyond its superficial aspect? Nay, my friends, what significance is there in unsatisfying pleasure? What a serious thing is the reckless gaiety of a bad man? What a picture almost to move our awe, does vice present to us? The desperate attempt to escape from the ennui of an unfurnished and unsatisfied mind; the blind and headlong impulse of the soul to quench its maddening thirst for happiness in the burning draught of pleasure; the deep consciousness which soon arises, of guilt and infamy; the sad adieu to honor and good fame; the shedding of silent and bitter tears; the flush of the heart's agony over the pale and haggard brow; the last determined and dread sacrifice of the soul and of heaven, to one demoniac passion—what serious things are these? What signatures upon the soul, to show its higher nature? What a fearful hand-writing upon the walls that surround the deeds of darkness, duplicity, and sensual crime? The holy altar of religion hath no seriousness about it, deeper, or I had almost said, more awful, than that settles down upon the gaming-table, or broods oftentimes over the haunts of corrupting indulgence. At that altar, indeed, is teaching; words, words are uttered here; instruction, cold instruction, alas! it may be, is delivered in consecrated walls; but if the haunts of evil could be unveiled, if the covering could be taken off from guilty hearts, if every sharp pang and every lingering regret of the vitiated mind, could send forth its moanings and sighs into the great hearing of the world, the world would stand aghast at that dread teaching."

This is the pulpit style of Dewey, and it is grand and impressive—he has another more open and familiar in the lecture, but from either we can never rise uninstructed or without a new desire for the love and happiness of life.

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THE BOSTON MISCELLANY.

THIS periodical thus far has a tone in its articles far above the usual standard of magazines, that give sentimental engravings of young ladies with Canary birds and plates of the fashions. It is evidently intended to be popular, but when we look inside of the cover, the literary matter does not appear sacrificed a whit on that account. On the contrary, it is characterized by an unusual delicacy and refinement. Instead of vulgar romance, we have spiritual tales from the German, fine belles-lettres studies, vindications of artists by EVERETT, and poems by LOWELL. The last number contained a beautiful colloquy between a Water Spirit and Wood Genius, where they lavish fine compliments upon one



another. The Wood Genius laments his departed moose and sleepy porcupine, but rejoices in his squirrels. The Water Spirit sighs for the beaver. "Their dark and bulky forms are no longer reflected by moonlight, as they traverse their works, bearing earth and stones between the dexterous paw and finny throat. I no longer hear the finishing blows of the broad scaly tail upon their masonry, or on the face of the water when they dive." "Would," says the Water Spirit, "that your nature did not forbid me to invite you to my crystal palace, that you might be refreshed at the pure currents that steal along their stony channels, known only to myself, to drink of the fountains that gush darkly beside the roots of the nymphæa, dislodging the gyrini, borne upward on their silver bubble, and dilate into this beamy mirror, that loves to reflect your bright tresses. Brother, I am not unsocial; though none of my family trips with moist foot along your glens, you are not neglected. Subtile and silent they ascend in their airy cars above your head, and by their ministry embellish your tree tops." This is rare and delicate. In another paper entitled, "Getting Up," filled with morning dreams, there is a passage in Beethoven, full of fancy: "I now for the first time observed a small man seated at a piano in one corner, and moving his fingers over the keys with the wildest enthusiasm. His whole soul seemed to leap down upon the instrument like a tiger on its prey. Such melodies I never heard. Now a huge column of music would slowly raise itself like a great water spout, from the foaming sea beneath, and then burst in a cataract of sparkling notes. Sometimes I thought I saw a single golden bird soaring and singing through the blue air, and then suddenly all would be dark and I could hear the trampling of an innumerable host, with shouts and torches flaring in the melancholy night wind. Then a beam of sunshine, like a silver spear, would pierce through the solid gloom, and I saw mossy dells and streams all green with unchanging hues, where the first violets were glossing themselves."

The Miscellany is a popular interpreter of the transcendentalism of the Dial. The dark Orphic sayings are converted into gentle tales and sad pieces of melancholy. The poetry is plainer: the quaint metaphysical reveries are translated into matters of fact, and very intelligible love sighs. A favorite, it undoubtedly is, with the ladies, and all who love poetry and romance tenderly written.

One of the best things that has appeared is an Ode by J. R. Lowell on the career of the Poet, in the February number.

## HAWTHORNE'S TWICE-TOLD TALES.

A SECOND edition of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, with the addition of another volume, including tales not heretofore collected, has been published by James Monroe & Co., of Boston. To these, the series we are at present publishing in *Arcturus*, will, we trust, be added and form a third. And thus collected, we know nothing to which to compare them, except, perhaps, the German tales of Tieck, as translated by Carlyle. The story of the Goblet is in the spirit of Hawthorne. But Mr. Hawthorne is truly original—for he has translated a great portion of his life into the fancies and quaint similitudes of his tales. We have praised this author before, and we now say it of him again, that he is master of a perfectly individual style, his own, somewhat confined in its range, but distinguished by select attributes. The style by itself, in the mere words, is a very pure one, and it is the vehicle for sentiment as unpolluted. His pathos and sensibility, if they lose something by being always in one vein, are often intense and powerful, never affected or exaggerated. It would seem to us, at times, in the sad and fanciful passages, (for H. unites these,) that Mr. Dickens must have seen them, so great is the resemblance, in such parts, of the two authors. The little Nell of the latter is greatly and deservedly admired, but we hazard nothing in saying, that in the finer portions of sentiment, Hawthorne is fully equal to the author of the *Old Curiosity Shop*.

## MR. BRADY'S LECTURE ON DICKENS.

THE Oration of Mr. James T. Brady, (a young lawyer of deservedly advancing reputation in this city,) delivered before the Brooklyn ATHENAEUM last month, was a neat exposition of the impression produced on a mind of liberal compass and sympathy, by the writings of the most popular author of the day. We cannot but think that he, with others, has laid entirely too much stress on the benevolent tendencies of the writings of Dickens as a source of their success. The same kindly sentiments have been expressed long before and often enough in English Literature, by De Foe, Mrs. Inchbald, Crabbe, and others. It is the individual genius of Mr. Dickens acting on such subjects, that has given him his general fame. The pleasantest of all commentators on such writers, are men of the world, who have not out-grown, or rather *under-grown* their attachment to what is pure and noble in books.



With the good sense, the discrimination, the earnest sympathy with his author, shown in Mr. Brady's Discourse, we could not but be pleased.

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THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MISS ADAMS.

WILEY AND PUTNAM have issued a second volume of the Correspondence of Miss Adams, a sequel to the recently published "Letters of John Adams," and "Letters of Mrs. Adams, the wife of John Adams;" which together contain most welcome original materials for the study of American history. The letters of John Adams, as might be expected in the present volume, are the most characteristic. They are full of sense and spirit, preserving, however, always a tinge of that dignity and semi-formality, which was so distinguishing a trait of the old revolutionary manners. One of the most interesting in the present volume, is a pendant to the celebrated Fourth of July, '76, letter, the day "to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore." It was written at Philadelphia, exactly a year after, and records the first fulfilment of this prophecy. "There were salutes of thirteen guns, and great huzzaing, after a manner which gave great joy to every friend to this country, and the utmost terror and dismay to every lurking foe. In the evening, I was walking about the streets for a little fresh air and exercise, and was surprised to find the whole city lighting up their candles at the windows. I walked most of the evening, and I think it was the most splendid illumination I ever saw; a *few surly houses* were dark, but the lights were very universal. I had forgot the ringing of bells all day and evening, and the bonfires in the streets, and the fireworks played off. *Had General Howe been here in disguise, or his master, this show would have given them the heart-ache.*" Verily, John Adams was the very Father and Patron Saint of all Fourth of July's; and dear should his memory be accordingly in the hearts of all boy-patriots, and lovers of crackers and illuminations. Most of the letters are domestic, and exhibit the warm hearted parent and husband. Many of them are dated in Europe, while Mr. Adams was abroad on diplomatic affairs.

We may here take occasion to give our thanks to the author, (Professor Reed, of Philadelphia,) for an able article on his Life and Character, in the last number of the New-York Review, as a fit introduction to the Adams' Correspondence. It is full of inquiry and the most valuable suggestions.

## A NEW TRANSLATION OF EGMONT.

WE have received from James Monroe & Co., a translation in eighteen mo. of this celebrated tragedy of Goethe. It is now, for the first time, rendered into English, and the unknown translator, for the modesty with which he has put this small volume before the public, and for the pains he has necessarily taken with his work, deserves the thanks of all liberal readers. The tragedy was one already furnished in history in the massacre, by the Duke of Alva at Brussels, of the Counts Egmont and Horn, the act that preceded the memorable Spanish war in the Low Countries. Goethe, with his distinguished coolness and impartiality, has laid bare every fibre of the generous, open character of Egmont, who "wears his heart on his sleeve," but (as the writer of a valuable notice of this work in the *North American Review*, remarks,) has taken the liberty to add to the truth of history, by showing the hero in illicit love with the girl Clara. Her affection for him is beautiful, as a picture of female love, confident, unreserved, though we think, with the reviewer, her tragical romance, ending by suicide, injures the morality of the work, and, consequently, its artistical merit. With these blemishes, it is a fine poem, though it is not a true biography. Like all we have seen of Goethe, it is filled with the most skilful analysis of passion; he seemed to know everything human, and could exhibit all the fears, and passions—to others "an indistinguishable throng"—that governs this life of man, with the same distinctness that an anatomist demonstrates his lecture on the nerves and joints in a dissecting room. The present volume shows this power. It is one that every student should add to the growing shelf of American translations from the German.

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 ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS.

MR. LANMAN'S *Essays for Summer Hours*, published by Hilliard, Gray & Co., is one of the prettiest specimens of typography of the season. The matter is well enough, "Summer Morning," "Painter's Dream," "Evening Twilight," smooth, easy and continuous, but without any thing like nerve or originality. The morality is amiable, and the thoughts common-place, (with an affectation of boldness that often renders their poverty only the more apparent) just such writing as passes current, with a certain class, as very 'beautiful;' but which has little mark or likelihood for the scholar or the thinker.



## MR. M'JILTON'S ADDRESS.

THE Address of Mr. J. N. M'Jilton, entitled *The Path of Life*, and delivered at Easton, Pennsylvania, is a specimen of a class of college addresses that has lately been partially supplanted by another in the hands of Emerson, Tayler Lewis, and others, men of ripe minds and mature literary powers. In the hands of the latter, the literary address is such as Sir James Mackintosh, Coleridge, or Hazlitt could have listened to with pleasure. Mr. M'Jilton addresses himself to an unripe audience of youth, in terms that do not rise above their own usual standard of declamation and fine speaking. He is wordy, vapid, and full of false rhetoric. Now, before such a writer, who builds up a mountain of words on the weakest premises, commend us to the careful plainness of some homely speaker, whose thoughts are simply just, though they be old and without ornament. Every thing is at high pressure with Mr. M'Jilton. He wishes to say that American books are valued in England, and he exclaims, "There is no doubt but at this very moment the British press is pouring forth with the swiftness of steam power, the *"Incidents of Travel in Central America*, by Mr. Stevens, while the sale of the same is rapidly effected from the counters of British booksellers." His facts are few and defective. He tells us, "Stories of the Jack Sheppard, Barnaby Rudge and Charles O'Malley stamp, after they have surfeited the taste of such places as Wapping, are transmitted to our shores, and suffered to vitiate the habits and corrupt the morals of the American youth." It were an idle question to ask whether Mr. M'Jilton had read *Barnaby Rudge* and *Charles O'Malley*, for if he has, (which we doubt, supposing he has caught these names from the first newspaper,) a man of his habits as a writer would prove a poor critic of them. The remarks on the stage are wholesale and vituperative, applicable enough to those young men who harnessed themselves as horses to the carriage of Fanny Ellsler, but touching not the question of the drama in the least. The best topic in the address is the prevailing indecision of American education, with the attendant fickleness of character and instability of pursuit, and we wish that this subject, with moderation and judgment in the discussion of it, had formed the single theme of the address.

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LIFE IN CHINA.

THIS is a passing squib, what in other days would have been called a Grub street production, to be rapidly passed off from the bookseller's counter, while Chinese affairs are notorious and

fashionable. Every public event in England brings out a mushroom growth of such publications, which are bought and thrown away in the hour. The reading matter of this volume is mostly pitiful doggrel, imitated from the very clever Ingoldsby Legends in Bentley's Magazine; written by a fellow canon-residentary of St. Paul's, with the wit, Sidney Smith. The plates are very quizzical and ludicrous. The fat Chinese philosopher in the frontispiece, is irresistible. Lack-lustre faces of Mandarins never assumed blanker absurdity. The pictures are the perfection of the ridiculous: Chinese manners, aggravated by the most provoking comic ingenuity. They are by Leech, an artist of rising celebrity, who, in his art, bears no little resemblance to Liston in his, in humorous extravagance and face-making. The best works of Leech, we have seen as yet, are the illustrated comic Latin and English grammars. It would be a profitable affair for some of the engravers in the city to get up an edition of them. They are the most decidedly mirth-compelling affairs of the day.

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MISCELLANIES.

Professor LONGFELLOW, it is stated, is about to re-visit Europe.

J. G. COGSWELL, Esq., the editor of the New-York Review, has received the appointment of Secretary of Legation, at Madrid.

We are to have soon two editions of Sterling's Poems, (*Archæus* of Blackwood,) the one republished at Philadelphia, under the charge of R. W. Griswold, with a Preface; the other may be looked for from Boston, and will contain a new tragedy by the author, entitled "*Strafford*," now for the first time to be published.

MCDONALD CLARKE, the eccentric poet, who has lived on the sunny side of Broadway for years, died in the last month, at the hospital for lunatics. He wrote verse with extraordinary facility, and was partly supported, as a pet poet laureate, by the minor papers. His poetry was, with occasional sense and elegance, a translation of the sublime flights of poor Nat. Lee, into the vernacular. In that very clever collection of Imitations, "*Richardsiana*," the parody of Clarke is the best. A long day will it be before his friends (and he had many, we believe, who showed him kindness) will forget his daily appearance, his constant presence in Broadway, and his erratic enthusiasm. Peace be with his ashes!

BULWER's new novel of *ZANOXI*, is the story of Zicci, published some time since, in Longman's Monthly Chronicle, remodelled,



with essential changes of character and situation. The story of Zicci was left uncompleted. It was included in the recent collection of Bulwer's *Miscellanies* published at Philadelphia.

Wiley & Putnam announce an important republication,—the *Dictionary of Science, Literature and Art*, edited by W. T. BRANDE, F. R. S., etc., assisted in different departments by Loudon, M'Culloch, Lindley, and other eminent writers. It will be published in octavo, double column, semi-monthly, in 24 parts, at 25 cents each.

It is the fashion for Booksellers now, to publish their circulars in a periodical form. Messrs. Appleton have just issued the first number of the *Home Book Circular*, and have adopted, at full length, the report of Mr. Campbell to the Home League, on the subject of the International Copyright. The title is a misnomer, for instead of *Home Books*, (or any thing that savors of a National Literature,) the works advertised are mostly republications of English books.

"Frederick the Great and his Times," is the title of a compilation from the different memoirs and authorities, and is republished at Philadelphia, by Lea & Blanchard. It is a welcome look to the historical reader, or to any intelligent reader, for its interesting details.

WILLIAM JAY, of Bedford, has published an *Essay on Peace and War*. He recommends the adoption of a special provision in all international treaties, for the settlement of disputed questions by reference to some third nation as arbiter.

The superior style and great care with which it is to be issued, has delayed the publication of GRISWOLD's *American Poets* beyond its time. It may be expected on the 1st of the present month, (April.)

The *American Botanical Magazine*, edited by Dr. JOHN H. GRISCOM, illustrated with colored plates, by James Ackerman, will be published immediately by George L. Curry & Co. It is well and carefully edited; and is tasteful in point of appearance.

Mr. LYELL has commenced a very important course of lectures upon Geology, at the request of many eminent citizens, at the Tabernacle. We are indebted to the *TRIBUNE* for full and carefully prepared reports; and we may take this opportunity also to thank the *Tribune* for similar valuable reports of the scientific lectures of Dr. Lardner, Richard Adams Locke, and the admirable philosophic essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The success of the *Tribune*, at the low price of one cent, is a noble living monument